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Charlie Langella

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From the Dept. of Oversights: Last month's cover featured Tina Blondinas, photographed by Mark Eilbeck. We regret that we failed to credit the photographer and model. A portfolio of Mark's shoot with Tina begins on page 108, and check out more of his work at MarkEilbeck.com.

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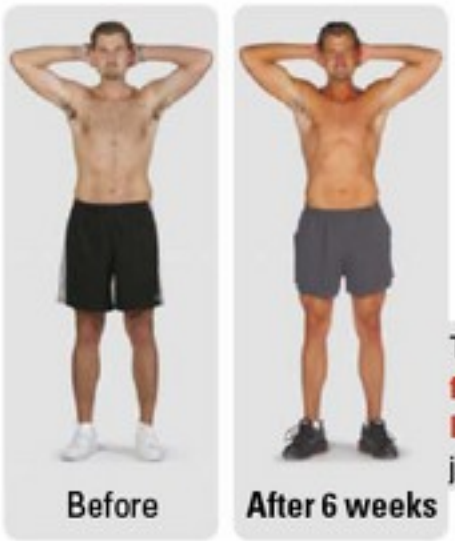

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Editor's note 07/2007

"SHOW ME SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T HAVE CONFIDENCE AND COURAGE, AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOMEONE WHO ISN'T TRYING HARD ENOUGH OR NEEDS TO GET HIS ASS WHIPPED."—*BRIAN CHONTOSH, CAPTAIN, U.S. MARINE CORPS*

You know it when you see it: a face tattoo, some guy bleeding from the eyes trying to pull a Mack truck, a pair of rottweilers in a death-lock over a T-bone. You recognize it in an instant—now *that's* hard core—but it's not so easy to explain.

So what is hard core exactly? It's porn (of course, it's porn), and some strains of punk and metal and other genres vying for extreme status, but it's more than a name. It's a credo, a stance, a toughness and conviction that grows from the inside out. Our answer to the question begins on page 92, with a collection of American badasses we admire not just for their accomplishments, but for their nerve and their willingness to hock a loogie in the face of mainstream mediocrity. At a time when too much of the world is soft and unprincipled, these 21 individuals (and one kick-ass TV network) have the balls to be hard core, whether it's a squad leader who defended his battalion by single-handedly storming an enemy stronghold, a self-made Internet phenom like Tila Tequila, or a bunch of motocross madmen (see above) who woke up one day and decided to hurl themselves over a jumbo jet.

But even in an issue dedicated to hardness, we're always trying to make things easy for you. This month it's all about a *Penthouse* centerfold that's perforated for tear-free removal. So go ahead: Rip it out, nail it to your office door. (We've added a work-safe version on the flip side, should the human-resources folks come looking for workplace insensitivity.) Oh, and what self-respecting hard-core issue would be complete without photographer Terry Richardson, whose wit and grit have come to define a certain low-tech glamour? We're tickled pink to have him shooting our Pet of the Month, Sasha Grey. We think it's a picture worth getting fired over.

Enjoy.

Mark Healy
Editor in Chief

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Along for the Ride

Rita and I were heading home at 3 A.M. after crashing a friend-of-a-friend's party. I only went along because Rita didn't want to go solo. Rita's not really my girlfriend—we just use each other for great buddy sex. The problem is that she's always on the lookout for some new way to ratchet up her sex life.

Rita made her move as we headed east on the Long Island Rail Road. We practically had the car to ourselves, and if I hadn't done that last shot of Jack Daniels, I might have realized I was being set up. We were sitting in the back of the last car when Rita started nuzzling my neck. I was up for fooling around a little, so we started kissing and feeling each other up. I moved my hand under Rita's sweater, and Rita's found their way to my cock. In no time I had a hard-on, and she hadn't even unzipped my pants!

I was really enjoying the handjob, but soon I was thinking about Rita's mind-blowing hummers. If we were discreet, no one else in the car had to know. Unfortunately, Rita didn't always remember the meaning of the word *discreet*. I quickly looked around. Satisfied that there was enough distance between us and the few passengers in the car, I let Rita unzip my pants.

"Suck me off, Rita," I moaned, but she just teased me with fleeting licks while glancing up to gauge my reaction. I was going crazy. "Come on, Rita," I pleaded, but she just kept teasing....

I am not a selfish lout. Once we were off the train, I was certainly willing to go to her place—or mine—and return the favor by eating her out and then banging her until she cried out with pleasure again and again. I just didn't like the idea of getting busted by the cops and being led away in handcuffs.

So far we'd been damn lucky. Rita had manipulated me into screwing her at a concert, in a park, on a public beach, and on a balcony in broad daylight—and we hadn't been caught, yet. She had a way of getting me so tuned up that before I knew it, I was fucking her in a high-risk location. Rita loved getting off on the danger of it.

I DIDN'T NEED THE FEAR OF GETTING CAUGHT TO PUT ME OVER THE TOP, BUT WHAT RITA WANTS, RITA GETS.

Sex with Rita under normal circumstances was akin to a religious experience. I didn't need the fear of getting caught to put me over the top, but what Rita wants, Rita gets—and this time was no exception. She had me so worked up that she knew I couldn't say no once she was straddling my lap, with her irresistible pussy poised over my cock. Rita's panties had performed a vanishing act and her skirt fanned out over my lap, forming a convenient screen.

Rita gripped the top of my seat and slowly lowered herself down onto my cock. Just being inside her tight snatch was almost enough to make me come. I gripped her hips to hold her steady and tried not to think about whether the conductor had already done his walk-through. But Rita, still holding on to the back of my seat, began raising and lowering her hips and grinding against me in a circular motion that had me thinking, *Fuck it!*, so I started pumping into her. I slid my hands under her sweater again, cupping her breasts as I fucked her. Rita was now riding my cock as hard as she could and moaning loud enough to be heard over the train's engine. Not only was the noise level becoming a factor, but any hearing-impaired passenger who hadn't slept through this sexual aria could surely see Rita's head of blue-spiked hair bobbing up and down.

Turned on—but on the verge of panic—I said between clenched teeth, "Rita, you'd better be ready because I'm done!" As I erupted, my hot come surged into her. Rita rode out her own orgasm, milking my cock with her well-trained muscles. Out of breath and out of tricks, Rita slid off me just as we pulled into the station. I felt exhausted and relieved that I had survived yet another of Rita's wild rides.—*Name and address withheld*

More letters on page 145

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

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Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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Q: ***Dear Steffanie,***

For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The *verdict* is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life … repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the start and the feelings we shared together were totally mind-blowing. And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

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In the early 1930s, watch manufacturers took a clue from Henry Ford's favorite quote concerning his automobiles, "You can have any color as long as it is black." Black dialed watches became the rage especially with pilots and race drivers. Of course, since the multi-functional black dial watch went well with a black tuxedo, this adventurer's timepiece easily moved from the airplane hangar to dancing at the nightclub. Now, Stauer brings back the "Noire", a design based on an elegant timepiece built in 1936. The rare black dialed, complex automatics from the 1930s have recently hit new heights at auction. One was sold for in excess of $600,000. We thought that you might like to have an affordable version that will be much more accurate than the original.

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Kat Von D makes a pretty picture

Clothes make the man—and that's never more true than when you're Superman. Whether it's the iconic look of Captain America, the demonic style of Nightcrawler, or the bodacious hooker chic of Wonder Woman, the perfect costume is as essential to a memorable superhero as a nifty backstory, excellent powers, and a dastardly nemesis. The classic costumes are icons of American style and the enduring inspiration for spandex fantasies the world over. And now that comic-book adaptations are the dominant genre of the Hollywood blockbuster, hundreds of millions of dollars are spent bringing superheroes—and their wardrobes—to the big screen. This summer's monster hit, *Spider-Man 3,* is all about fashion, so we thought it was time to send some of our favorite (and not-so-favorite) superheroes down the runway to size up their sartorial success.

Active

What's a superhero without a kick-ass disguise? A fashion victim. With the summer onslaught of cartoonish costume dramas under way, we separate the heroes from the zeros.

HEROES

Silver Surfer

FANTASTIC FOUR: RISE OF THE SILVER SURFER (DOUG JONES)

Mercurial, indestructible, and minimalist to the max, the Silver Surfer has the silliest name of any superhero but the sleekest costume. Raf Simons and Andy Warhol would approve, not to mention the T-1000 from *Terminator 2,* who totally bit his style. The seamless metallic skin speaks of superhuman swiftness and alien radiance, as befits an intergalactic jet-setter capable of traveling faster than the speed of light. Admittedly, the surfboard brings things down to earth a bit (the character was introduced in 1966, cresting the wave of the sixties surf craze), but as accessories go, it could be a lot worse (see: Cyclops).

Punisher

THE PUNISHER (THOMAS JANE)

The getup is your basic black-on-black tough-guy look, as favored by depressive vigilantes and people stuck in the Matrix: combat boots, leather trench coat, gigantic automatic weapon. But what really clicks here is the T-shirt; the dude was way ahead of the curve on that whole skull-chic thing. It's savage, classic, and very much to the point of the most morally dubious antihero in the Marvel pantheon. Here comes death, blunt and inexorable, with a vengeance.

Hulk

HULK (ERIC BANA)

The big green one gets points for simplicity and the audacious color-clash. Not a look for everyone, to be sure, although shorts *are* the new pants, and we hear purple is making a comeback. In any event, what's great here is the magic fabric. It's not like Bruce Banner is hanging out in purple trousers all the time, and yet as soon as he bulges into the Hulk, there they are. Maybe he's sporting some kind of metaphysically deconstructed stretch underwear. Hulk smash fashion laws!

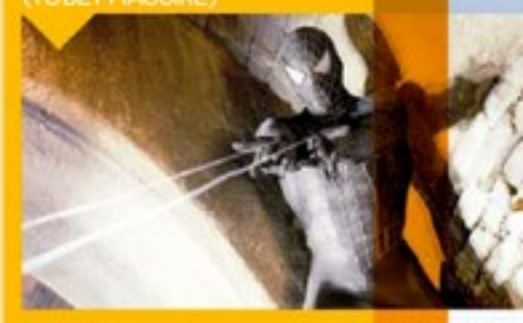
Mystique

X-MEN TRILOGY (REBECCA ROMIJN)

Not a superhero per se, but—*yowza!*—this girl knows how to (un)dress. Like the Silver Surfer, she's essentially nude, with her naughty bits covered by indigo patches of leathery scales. Put a handle on her and she'd be the "it" purse of the season. The hair is cherry red, the eyes lemon yellow, the attitude blazing and supremely sexed-up. Mystique is a shape-shifter, a metamorphic chameleon. What's more, in the comic book she swings both ways as the bisexual lover of a female mutant precog named Destiny. Fierce in any form.

Black Spider-Man

SPIDER-MAN 3 (TOBEY MAGUIRE)



"Revenge is like a poison that can take us over," cautions Aunt May of Peter Parker's sartorial turn to the dark side in *Spider-Man 3.* "Before you know it, it can turn you into something ugly!" Are you kidding? Black is the new black. Spidey's sleek new costume, which is manufactured by a peevish species of intergalactic slime, may come with an attitude problem, but who cares when it looks this good? In the third installment of his blockbuster franchise, director Sam Raimi has a bit of fun turning his mild-mannered Forest Hills dork into a downtown hipster, complete with asymmetric bangs and black eyeliner.

By Nathan Lee

Wear ZEROS

Nipple Batman
BATMAN & ROBIN
(GEORGE CLOONEY)

When Tim Burton toughened up Batman from the powder-blue-pantyhose look of the cult TV show, it was all matte-black insectoid plates and sharp-edged details. To everyone's surprise, Michael Keaton wore it well, giving us a brooding antihero whose neurosis was externalized in the costume. A sequel followed, then another with Val Kilmer in the lead, but by the time the Sexiest Man Alive (aka George Clooney) donned the duds for *Batman & Robin*, the franchise had fallen back into camp, as evidenced by the sudden development of rubber nipples and a sculpted 12-pack on the Batsuit.

The Fantastic Four
FANTASTIC FOUR (JESSICA ALBA AND SOME DUDES)

The Fantastic Four are a coordinated bore in matching jumpsuits. Their big-screen incarnation aims for edgy with leather accents and funnel-neck collars, but ultimately they look like nouveau-riche crypto-fascists in full-body Speedos. Flame on, dorks. Whatever goodwill is generated by the Invisible Woman's amusingly low-cut alteration is wiped out by that tacky chunk of ossified Cheez Whiz known as the Thing. Wake me up when their powers kick in.

Daredevil
DAREDEVIL
(BEN AFFLECK)

There's any number of things wrong with the costume from the notoriously lame *Daredevil* film: the cut-rate latex sheen, the nubby little horns, the co logo embossed on the left breast, the red booties. Yet the biggest problem isn't the outfit itself, but rather what it reveals. Namely, the lower blockhead of Ben Affleck, whose jaw gives the worst performance this side of Colin Farrell's unibrow.

Cyclops
X-MEN TRILOGY
(JAMES MARSDEN)

The most obnoxious X-Man also has the lamest power—some stupid concussive laser-beam thingy that shoots out of his eyes. Since he can't control the output, Cyclops rocks those chunky, single-aperture goggles, which would be geeky enough without the adjustment knobs. What kind of superhero looks like he's wearing a Bluetooth device? Loser. Even worse is Cyclops in civilian mode, when he stems his flow with over-designed, ruby-lensed sunglasses that look like a ten-year-old's notion of rad shades.

Ghost Rider
GHOST RIDER
(NICOLAS CAGE)

So close to the cool Punisher look, yet so very, very far away. On principle, the flaming skull makes a hot addition to the demonic biker ensemble, but the incredibly shoddy CGI in this hilariously inept movie undermined the fashion effect. This flaming leather daddy, who comes accessorized with chains and a customized biker jacket that would embarrass even a trust-fund punk rocker, is not nearly enough "Highway to Hell" and way too much Village People. And can we talk about the bike? That thing looks like it should be hanging from the earlobe of a Judas Priest groupie.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE FANTASTIC FOUR, CYCLOPS, MYSTIQUE, THE PUNISHER, DAREDEVIL, AND GHOST RIDER) THE KOBAL COLLECTION, (THE HULK) UNIVERSAL/COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION, (BATMAN) ©WARNER BROS/COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION

REVIEW

Onward, Christian Soldier

Holy Herzog, Batman! Christian Bale stretches in a new direction as a real-life Vietnam War POW.

RESCUE DAWN
Christian Bale, Steve Zahn
Director: Werner Herzog

Given that Herzog once convinced hundreds of South American Indians to drag a ship over a mountain, made a film with an entire cast of midgets, and tailed a grizzly-obsessed madman till said madman was killed by a bear, his latest film is surprisingly conventional. *Rescue Dawn* is the dramatization of *Little Dieter Needs to Fly,* Herzog's 1997 documentary about a Navy pilot who was shot down over Laos on his first mission in the Vietnam War. Dieter Dengler was captured, tortured, and interned for months in a vicious POW camp that he finally escaped, only to face the inhospitable elements of the Laotian jungle for weeks before being rescued. Though this is a well-crafted and uplifting story about indomitable spirit, its steady, overly methodical pacing keeps it from reaching that intense, sometimes shocking, crescendo that Herzog fans expect. That may be an inherent flaw of true-life survival stories, because no matter how amazed you'll be by *how* Dengler survives, you won't be surprised that he does. But Bale delivers an unflinchingly optimistic portrayal, and Zahn turns in a great, understated performance as Dengler's pessimistic foil.—*Michael Immerman*

Seven Strange Facts About Werner Herzog

The essential truth (sort of) about the mercurial director of *Rescue Dawn*

Herzog ate his shoe while talking with the audience at the *Gates of Heaven* premiere.

1 HE SUFFERS FOR HIS ART.
While filming 1970's *Even Dwarfs Started Small,* one member of the all-little person cast caught on fire and was run over by a car, but emerged unharmed. Herzog vowed to dive into a cactus patch if the rest of them survived filming without injury. When *they* did, *he* did, going in headfirst.

2 YOU JUST CAN'T QUIT HIM.
According to legend, Herzog threatened to shoot Klaus Kinski when the actor tried to leave the snake-infested South American jungle where they were filming 1972's *Aguirre: The Wrath of God.* Kinski later wrote of Herzog, "Huge red ants should piss into his lying eyes, gobble up his balls, penetrate his asshole, and heat his guts!" The two made four more films together.

3 HE'S NOT ABOVE BENDING THE LAW.
As a fledgling filmmaker in the 1960s, Herzog stole a 35-mm camera from the Munich Film School and used it to make his first seven films.

LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD
Bruce Willis, Justin Long, Timothy Olyphant. Director: Len Wiseman

John McClane isn't really a hero so much as a victim of circumstance. This time he stumbles into trouble when a routine police visit to a computer hacker (Long) turns into a full-on shoot-out with assassins. The two are forced to work together to save the country *and* McClane's kidnapped daughter from a cyber-terrorist (Olyphant). Long does the digital dirty work while Willis kicks terrorist ass old school-style, including driving a car into a helicopter and clinging to an airborne jet. Though it's a popcorn movie, Wiseman (*Underworld*) uses low-key lighting to create a stylized, claustrophobic mood that will make audiences fear whatever is lurking in the shadows. Just don't expect to see vampires.—*Jonathan Ages*

DOA: DEAD OR ALIVE
Jaime Pressly, Devon Aoki, Natassia Malthe
Director: Corey Yuen

A bunch of impossibly hot women do battle in bikinis. We don't need to know any more than that, but if you do, the movie is based on the martial-arts video game/masturbation aid *Dead or Alive*, and it uses the typical, tired arcade-to-big-screen formula: colorful costumes, obscure fan references, and bouncing boobs. And while we've seen some decent adaptations (*Resident Evil*) and some unspeakably bad ones (*Street Fighter*), we have the utmost confidence that the director, Hong Kong action coordinator Yuen, is capable of putting together one hell of a half-naked fight scene.—*Jonathan Stern*

LICENSE TO WED
Robin Williams, Mandy Moore, John Krasinski. Director: Ken Kwapis

In this romantic comedy, a pastor (Williams) gives an engaged couple (Krasinski and Moore) his marriage-fortitude test. Krasinski's established his rom-com appeal, and pop tart Mandy Moore proved on *Entourage* that she has a better sense of humor about herself than we ever expected, so we have high hopes. And of course we all need a good date movie from time to time.—*J.S.*

EVAN ALMIGHTY
Steve Carell, Morgan Freeman, Lauren Graham
Director: Tom Shadyac

The studio couldn't get Jim Carrey for a sequel to *Bruce Almighty*, so they transplanted Carell's anchorman and Freeman's diety to an existing script about a modern-day Noah who tests the patience of his family and friends by building an ark. (Yes, they can do that. It's an integral part of modern-day filmmaking.) We're hoping for some quality Carell insanity amid the family-friendly pabulum.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

4 HE'S A LIFESAVER.
Last year he helped Joaquin Phoenix escape from his overturned car. When Phoenix turned to thank him, Herzog had vanished.

5 HE'S WAS SANDBAGGED BY KUWAIT.
In 1992, Herzog told the Kuwaiti government he wanted to shoot a film extolling the heroism of the country's oil-well firefighters. When authorities discovered his real motive—a "documentary" with a sci-fi twist that showed real acts of torture—Herzog was expelled from the emirate.

6 BULLETS APPARENTLY CAN'T KILL HIM.
Last year Herzog was shot in the abdomen by a sniper during an interview in L.A. He shrugged it off, claiming a catalog in his pocket kept him from being seriously injured.

7 HE'S DOESN'T WELSH ON A BET.
He told his onetime assistant, Errol Morris, that if Morris ever made a movie he'd eat his shoe. After Morris finished *Gates of Heaven*, he did just that.—*Daniel Nemet-Nejat*

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION SPORTS

High Octane Television

Extreme sports are finally ready to push the big three off their lucrative pedestal. And thanks to Fuel TV, the revolution will be televised.

Several years ago, C. J. Olivares, a lifelong surfer and action-sports-industry vet, got tired of seeing great moments in surfing, skateboarding, and wakeboarding ignored by sports outlets. Luckily, the TV insider was in a position to do something about it. The result is Fuel TV, a cable channel that's dedicated to sports coverage without baseball, basketball, football, or hockey.

Its cornerstone series since 2005 is *The Daily Habit*, a kind of *TRL*-meets-*SportsCenter* roundup featuring action-sports stars, musicians, and celebrity guests. *Penthouse* paid a visit to the *Daily Habit* set in Los Angeles a few months ago and could not have come on a better day: The U.K. band Art Brut was playing, and pro surfers Lisa Andersen and Kassia Meador were having their breasts cast in plaster on-set to benefit the action-sports charitable organization Boarding for Breast Cancer (B4BC).

Daily Habit host Pat Parnell explained its appeal among action-sports athletes: "It's not some cheesy talk show where they put boarders in the back parking lot and force them to do a kick turn on a quarter pipe."

One Fuel series, *American Misfits*, features skateboarding's "anti-star" Laban Pheidias (above right, who bears a resemblance to Charles Manson) and Ted Newsome, a Los Angeles skater and respected skateboard photographer (above left). Newsome describes *Misfits* as "a roller coaster of chaos that has no age or height requirements." In a typical show, they roll out completely off-the-wall skits and skateboard-related mayhem. In one segment, skater Nate Sherwood attempts a highly technical flip trick in the middle of a lake on a slick wakeboard ramp. He fails over and over—and over—but finally sticks it.

In last season's *Misfits* finale, Kiefer Sutherland popped in as a special guest and insisted that the network suits had hired him as the new boss and mandated that he appear in each and every part of the show. "Every single segment?" asked Pheidias.

Newsome describes *Misfits* as a "roller coaster of chaos that has no age or height requirements."

Top left: Kiefer Sutherland preps for his *Misfits* melee; (above) a rider at last July's Bank of the West Beach Games pulls off the Kiss of Death.

"Yep," replied a perfectly deadpan Sutherland. Tensions escalated until the final scene, when it was revealed that Sutherland had hijacked the show by tying up the old boss in the supply closet. Clearly, there was only one way to settle things: with an over-the-top martial-arts battle, complete with a cheesy kung fu-movie soundtrack and blue electric currents shooting from Sutherland's fingers.

Its latest offering is *808*, an action drama about a group of contentious surfers called the Wolfpak, in Oahu, Hawaii. The network got a welcome assist from recent landmark events, including skateboarder Danny Way's 28-foot free fall off the Fender Stratocaster guitar atop the Vegas Hard Rock, then-19-year-old snowboarder Shaun White's star turn at the 2006 Winter Olympics, and freestyle-motocross maniac Travis Pastrana's astounding double backflip at X Games XII. Such epic moments and the growing legion of hungry, young action-sports amateurs and professionals now have a network devoted to every bone-breaking attempt and every record-breaking triumph.

By Jack Spilberg

Q&A

The Good Fight

In this corner: the IFL, the first team-based mixed-martial-arts league—and they're trying to show the UFC how it's done.

Who's the toughest guy on the planet? The year-old International Fight League is waging a battle to find out. We asked Bas Rutten, an award-winning fighter and *IFL Battleground* cohost, what makes mixed-martial arts so sick.

What's the difference between the IFL and the UFC? IFL fighting is in a ring instead of a cage, which makes for better technique. Also, you can see better because there's no fence in the way. And we took one minute off each round because now the fighter can think, *Hey, one minute less—I can throw out way more energy*.

What makes an IFL fighter so hard core? He needs to know boxing, judo, wrestling, and tae kwon do. I enjoy it when a mixed-martial-arts fighter knocks someone out with a straight punch to the face, and then with a kick to the head, and then hits him in the body, and then uses, like, a leg lock and a choke—truly showcases what he can do.

Do many of the fighters come from the armed services? MMA is very popular among the troops. You'd be surprised how many troops in Iraq are training at it. When they come back, it's not a big step. It's like, "Hey, I've been to Iraq, what's going to hurt me here?" People say MMA is a tough sport—no, it's those guys over there who are tough.—*Raegan Johnson*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (IFL) GETTY IMAGES FOR IFL

"A fighter knocks someone out with a punch to the face and a kick to the head, then hits the body."

REVIEWS

Chain of Fools

If we found a scantily clad nympho on the side of the road, we'd want to chain her up, too.

BLACK SNAKE MOAN
Samuel L. Jackson, Christina Ricci

We'll get to the DVD in a minute. First, a word about our guest reviewer. In our May write-up of The Last King of Scotland, *we said* Fast Times at Ridgemont High *produced two Best Actor Oscar winners, Sean Penn and Forest Whitaker. But, as reader Steve Eckert of Indianapolis noted, 1995 winner Nicolas Cage was in it as well. Eckert also said he was up for doing reviews. Our reply: Why the hell not?*

When Rae (Ricci) asks blues picker Lazarus (Jackson) why he chained her to his radiator, he says, "I aim to cure you of your wickedness." And in what's ultimately a warmhearted tale of redemption, writer/director Craig Brewer (*Hustle & Flow*) uses their expressive faces to evoke the flickering rekindling of the characters' spirits. Laz is freshly wounded from his wife leaving him for his brother, and Rae's been dealing with her boyfriend's service in Iraq by scratching the sexual itch that frequently overtakes her. Jackson embodies the Southern bluesman, Ricci is as raw as a live wire in a career-defining performance, and Justin Timberlake is surprisingly soulful as Rae's serviceman BF.—*Steve Eckert*

Jackson embodies the Southern bluesman, and Ricci is as raw as a live wire in a career-defining performance.

Ryan Phillippe tries to double-cross Chris Cooper's double agent in *Breach;* Murphy does triple duty in *Norbit;* make *Ghost Rider* worth your time by going behind the scenes with bonus features.

BREACH
Chris Cooper, Ryan Phillippe
In this post-9/11 world, an FBI agent selling secrets to the KGB seems oddly quaint. Still, Robert Hanssen's treason was the most damaging intelligence breach in American history. The always impressive Cooper inhabits Hanssen with a quiet creepiness, and Phillippe almost measures up as the unlucky soul who has to double-cross the double agent.

NORBIT
Eddie Murphy, Thandie Newton
Forget the Oscar bait and the family-friendly dreck. Eddie Murphy, master of the multi-character turn, plays the unassuming title character—not to mention a Chinese guy and a nasty fat chick—and he's just the way you like him: unapologetically unsubtle and not at all worried about insulting people. *Norbit* doesn't measure up to Murphy's eighties hits, but Paramount is also releasing new editions of *Trading Places* and *Coming to America*.

GHOST RIDER
Nicolas Cage, Eva Mendes
This wasn't the best comics adaptation, but the making-of bonuses can be worth watching when there are this many special effects. The two-disc extended edition includes three behind-the-scenes featurettes, plus one on the comic's 40-year history. It also boasts 15 minutes of new footage. We'll let you decide whether or not that's a good thing.

TV-D

THE HENRY ROLLINS SHOW
Season One
This three-disc set of last year's episodes proves our favorite angry young man hasn't mellowed any in his mid-forties, but he's as entertaining as ever; it includes interviews with Billy Bob Thornton and Oliver Stone. Or pick up *Uncut From NYC,* filmed during Rollins's spoken-word tour.

DEADWOOD
Season Three
HBO's gritty, profanity-laden depiction of the American West went out in style, with Deadwood's founders facing their first elections. While you wait for the two upcoming movies that will conclude the drama, lose yourself in "Deadwood Matures," the new "historical perspective" on the era.

RESCUE ME
Season Three
In our opinion, FX is the only network that would embrace a hero who drinks like alcohol is about to be outlawed and sleeps with every woman he can find—which is why it's our favorite (see page 94). This four-disc set includes a season-four preview and a half dozen featurettes, including one called—we shit you not—"Going to the Gay Place."

Q&A

Slash

He survived one of the most volatile bands of all time, resurrected Scott Weiland's career, and just got out of rehab. We caught up with the veteran rocker-guitarist as he waited for the release of Velvet Revolver's new *Libertad*.

You recently finished rehab. Do fans still come backstage expecting to get drunk with you?
Fans can be pretty nuts after a show. I avoid that whole scene. Maybe that could happen at the hotel bar, but I usually tried not to accept drinks from fans. When they buy you a drink, it turns into 80 drinks and you have to talk to this person for the rest of the night. The ultimate backstage or hotel-bar environment is when two really amazing-looking women are buying you drinks and you're not married and you're not on the wagon. That's the beginning of a pretty good night. I've been there a few times.

Is it hard to find young bands to bring out on the road?
We have really hit that point now. Queens of the Stone Age and Dave Grohl's Foo Fighters are still the coolest bands that have come out in the last ten years or so. The whole rock 'n' roll spirit got really diluted. When I was 15 or 16, back in 1980, I thought the music scene sucked. If I were 15 or 16 now, I'd think, *Fuck, this is a wasteland.* We're talking about punk-rock and hard-rock attitude with good songs and the menacing energy that we all have at 18 and 19. It's not happening. That's why we do it. We're eternal teenagers.

For *Libertad,* Velvet Revolver initially worked with producer Rick Rubin but then stopped. Why?
Rick came to mind because he's made amazing records. We had some great conversations with him—philosophical conversations on songwriting and what the band wanted to achieve—but creatively, we didn't get anywhere. He's also producing three or four different artists at the same time. It's like dating a chick who's fucking a couple of other guys. You don't feel that special commitment that makes you feel this was somebody for the long haul.

How would *Libertad* have been different if you'd stuck with Rubin?
It wouldn't be out any time soon [*laughs*]. For him, it's more about letting it all happen. Write the best song, don't push it, it'll come out in ten years and it'll be amazing. I can't do that. I'd shoot myself.

In March, Velvet Revolver performed during Van Halen's induction into the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame, but only Sammy Hagar and Michael Anthony showed up from Van Halen. What happened?
You're the first to get me to talk about that. I was honored to be asked to induct them. Then we were told they weren't going to be there and the organizers wanted to know if we could play. It was like, "Ugh." I like Van Halen, but this isn't a Van Halen–style band. We picked a song that we thought represented us well enough for us to be able to play it without looking corny. Then, as it got closer to the gig, all hell broke loose with David Lee Roth and the guys wanting to come up and perform with us and do a different song. Sammy was great throughout, but David was caught up in a whirlwind between the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame and his own wants and needs. Then we only had a day to learn whatever song we were gonna do. It got so awkward in the end, and David didn't show up at all at the last minute because he was pissed off.

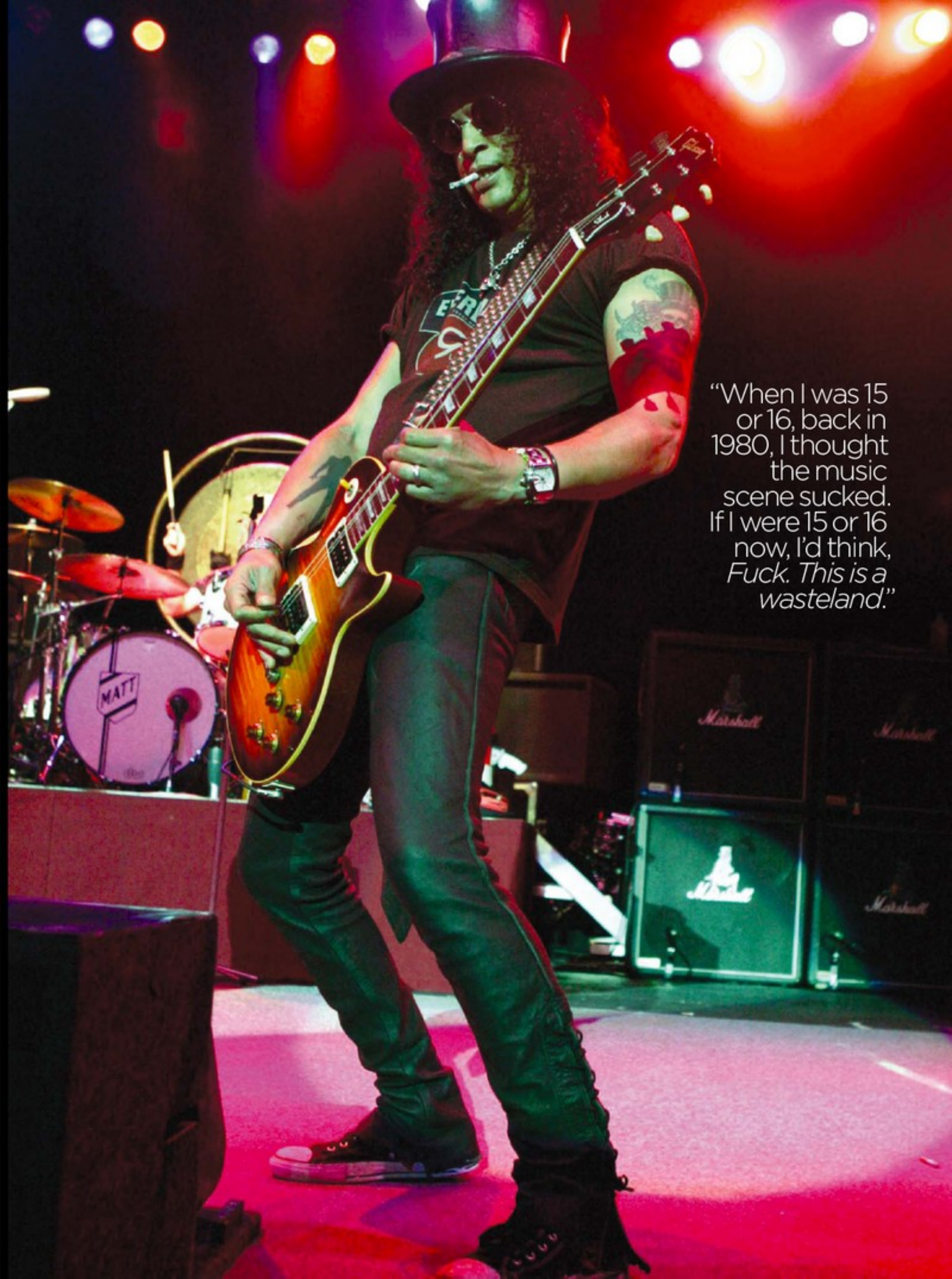
So much drama.
It was interesting to be in the center of somebody else's band bullshit, but at the same time it was really uncomfortable. As much as we loved being at the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame and hanging out and all that kind of shit, the playing part came and went. It was bittersweet. It taught me that if I am ever faced with that honor for my previous band, I want to get all my bullshit stuff aside so we can all stand onstage as adults and accept the fucking honor, you know?

Guns N' Roses will be eligible for the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame in five years. Do you get tired of talking about them?
When we first started Velvet Revolver, Duff [McKagan] and I went out and did a little press tour, and I was bombarded with shit about Guns N' Roses. I was at the crux of my issues with that band. It hit me at the wrong time, so everything I had to say was negative. That wave lasted for a while. But at this point, I don't think there's a lot to ask me. I'm past the negative shit.

How about this: Will *Chinese Democracy* be released before the end of the year?
Axl Rose probably hit the nail on the head when he said it'll be out when it's out. I have no idea when the release date is, but I'd like to hear what's been on his mind all this time.

Later this year you're releasing your autobiography. What can we expect?
I'd been asked to do a book for a long time, but I didn't feel comfortable. It seemed like a book is something you do when you're about to be pushing up daisies. Someone said, why don't you write from when you were a kid to when Guns N' Roses split up and Velvet Revolver started? I thought that would be okay. I started doing it and talking with the ghostwriter and there's some funny shit. There's a lot of shit I can't remember for, uh, the obvious reasons—but what I can remember is very entertaining.—*Jason Buhrmester*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KELLY A. SWIFT/RETNA



"When I was 15 or 16, back in 1980, I thought the music scene sucked. If I were 15 or 16 now, I'd think, *Fuck. This is a wasteland.*"

THE WHITE STRIPES
Icky Thump (Warner/Third Man)
★★★★

Rock snobs, be warned: You might hate this. The Detroit duo takes more chances than ever, reaching beyond that lo-fi blues noise many have come to love. A few songs evoke the same garage style, but there are plenty of sonic risks. Their attempt to write two songs in the vein of traditional Scottish music—incorporating bagpipes and yodeling—is fresh. But other songs—like the cover of Patti Page's "Conquest," which carries a heavy Spanish influence and features a dueling trumpet and guitar—seem contrived. Still, we'd rather see the Stripes take these kinds of adventurous detours than keep driving the same highway. For those who just want their tried-and-true sound, check out the stellar stripped-down tunes, like "What Love Is" and "Rag and Bone."
Penthouse Pick: "300 MPH Torrential Outpour Blues"

We'd rather see the Stripes take these kinds of adventurous detours than keep driving the same highway.

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE
Era Vulgaris
(Interscope)
★★

After their last few raucous efforts (and Josh Homme's unabashedly fun Eagles of Death Metal side project), this album is surprisingly safe. Homme's bandmate, Nick Oliveri, left before the last album, and Mark Lanegan is only featured on one of the record's songs. We hope the writing isn't on the wall for QOTSA, but even the spaced-out sound and high-wattage guest performances couldn't save us from boredom.

MARILYN MANSON
Eat Me, Drink Me
(Interscope)
★★★

The shock-rock king comes toting an album that shocks just slightly more than it rocks. The record is gloomy and romantic, but it's missing the industrial-influenced hard-rock tracks that made Manson famous. His vocals are the primary focus, and while we appreciate his attempt to write raw, emotional music, we think his controversial and theatrical work is better.

By Rebecca Swanner

UNDER THE RADAR

Synthesizer masters find a way to make post-punk even weirder

VON SÜDENFED
Tromatic Reflexxions

Electronic-music junkies have been down with Mouse on Mars for years. But now, the duo is taking its hypnotic-synth style a step further by inviting the Fall's post-punk founder, Mark E. Smith, to front a side project, Von Südenfed. Though Smith has been out of the limelight for a while, the singer's involvement with the pair has really made indie bloggers take notice of their debut, *Tromatic Reflexxions*. On it, the band

overlays their beloved drum machines and keyboards with Smith's slurred British accent. The result: ideal music for guys with perfect haircuts and a penchant for glow sticks.

BIG & RICH
Between Raising Hell and Amazing Grace (Warner Bros. Nashville)
★★★

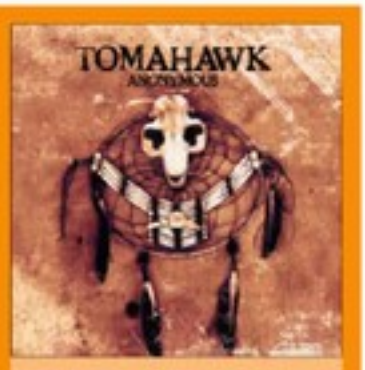
Is the party over for Big & Rich? The record's first half is heavy on spirituality and sentimental love (their wedding-themed "Lost in This Moment" is poised to become the next "Butterfly Kisses"). Thankfully, they hint at their wild side on the second half, which kicks off with the up-tempo driving song "Radio." The album's unexpected guests—John Legend and Wyclef Jean—add a hip dimension to the record, but we kind of wish they hadn't covered AC/DC's "You Shook Me All Night Long." From them, it just ain't right.

TOBY KEITH
Big Dog Daddy (Show Dog Nashville)
★★★

Finally, Keith seems more interested in making bar buddies than political enemies. The album is split between contemplative songs like "Love Me If You Can" and upbeat romps through the lives of his characters, including a maintenance man pining for a wealthy woman and a lovelorn guy "getting his drink on." But Keith really nails it on the toe-tapping title track. We'll be singing it all summer long.

OPERATOR
Soulcrusher (Atlantic)
★★★★★

If you're still longing for the days when modern-rock radio was clogged with Soundgarden and Alice in Chains, you'll thank the grunge gods for this debut album. Operator is led by alpha male Johnny Strong, who evokes Chris Cornell's charismatic vocals and hard-rock bravado. The album is built like a generic rock record—a noodling guitar solo here, a heartfelt rock ballad there—but it's also brazen and loud, with choruses that explode like M-80s.



TOMAHAWK
Anonymous (Ipecac)
★★★

Leave it to Faith No More's Mike Patton to push the hard-rock envelope further than you thought possible. On *Anonymous*, he and his new band reworked Native American songs from the early twentieth century, laying guitars and keyboards over ancestral percussion, samples of falling water, and plaintive chanting. It's ideal and unique background music until you reach "Sun Dance," which at one point sounds like a harder version of the Hives.

EXPERT OPINION

Fabolous Style

Fabolous isn't just a rapper—he's also a skilled shopper. And he promises that skills come with some amazing benefits.

Does shopping inspire your style?
The more you see, the more you know. I can look real hood one day and I can look rock another day, because I've seen all of those aspects and respect the fashion that comes with each of those looks.

How should a guy develop his look?
A lot of dudes get their confidence from what they're wearing. It's about comfort for me. I think if everybody found their comfort zone, they'd feel fly.

What key pieces should every guy own?
A clean pair of white-on-white Nike Air Force Ones and a pair of Timberland boots. Hats, to me, are essential. I'll wear a beanie, I'll wear a skullcap, I'll wear an applejack hat, I'll wear a fur hat. The hat complements what you have on. You don't want to wear a sombrero with a suit.

Do the ladies appreciate your interest in shopping?
Ladies love to shop, so if they get a male who loves to shop with them and has patience, they love it. Girls usually don't have that. They drag their man out and make him stand there while they try on jeans. I like to see girls try on jeans because I can tell them if they look good or not.

Have you ever, um, helped out a girl in the dressing room?
I have. I helped out a girl and it led to her helping me out.

Have you ever spent way more than you wanted to?
Are you kidding me? I do that every day. I just bring stacks of money outside and don't know where it disappears.

Is there a particular shopping trip that sticks out in your mind?
I was going to this place to get a belt, and I saw a leather aviator jacket. It was white and had a gray fur collar. I ended up buying two or three leather jackets on the spot. I went to get a $50 belt and it turned into a $2,500 belt.

Fabolous has launched his own line, Rich Yüng. Check it out at RichYungSociety.com.

"A lot of dudes get their confidence from what they're wearing. I think if everybody found their comfort zone, they'd feel fly."

SWIZZ WATCH

Penthouse gets a glimpse of the beat master as he readies his first solo record in five years.

You put out the compilation *G.H.E.T.T.O. Stories* in 2002. Why do your own thing now?
Everything is about timing. Everyone benefited from my compilation except for me. This time, I needed to raise my profile and show people I do more than just beats. I don't need a bunch of friends to promote a song or push an album. I think a lot of people need to start depending on themselves and stop worrying about the big feature.

What song do you think put you on the map?
DMX's "Ruff Ryders' Anthem." It let the world know that I was a different breed.

When did you begin to understand that you were a big player in the game?
When people started congratulating me and the checks started coming. Then it was registering. My first album, I sold a couple of million? It was a big deal.

One Man Band Man (Universal)
It's not packed to the gills with guest spots, but Coldplay shows up on one track, and look out later for a possible B-side with Kanye West.

LYRICS WE LOVE

"I RAN INTO HER AT COMPUTER CAMP / WAS 1984, NOT SURE / I HAD MY COMMODORE 64 / HAD TO SCORE."—"Computer Camp Love," by Datarock

75555*

SHOW | GIRLZ Wallpapers

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Girl Of The Month

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WALLPAPERS

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TOO HOT TO SHOW!!!

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REALTONES

Buy U A Drank - T-Pain	true6748
Don't Matter - Akon	true6749
Pop, Lock & Drop It - Huey	true6750
I'm A Flirt Remix - R. Kelly	true6751
I Tried (So Hard) - Bone Thugs...	true6752
Walk It Out - DJ UNK	true6753
The Way I Live - Baby Boy...	true6754
Outta My System - Bow Wow	true6755
Girlfriend - Avril Lavigne	true6756
Like This - Kelly Rowland	true6757
Diamonds - Fabolous	true6758
Go Getta - Young Jeezy	true6759
Lipgloss - Lil Mama	true6760
Don Boy Fresh - Three 6 Mafia	true6761

SCREENSAVERS

move5930

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move5937

TOO HOT TO SHOW!!!

THEMES

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WALLPAPER
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GAME OF THE MONTH

Transformers: The Game

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PS2, PC, PSP, DS)

★★★★

The real fun of playing with Transformers was smacking the hell out of the good-guy Autobots with those evil Decepticon figures. Get ready to do it again. The robots in disguise are still at war, and they've come to earth to retrieve AllSpark, the cube that houses their souls. You can play on either side as one of nine robots, and the battles—which feature a variety of melee and counterattack moves—are heavy on destruction.

Your enemies shatter into pieces like the Stormtroopers from *Lego Star Wars,* which makes less sense with robots than with Legos but the games are from the same design team. The coolest aspect is that you can switch between vehicle and robot forms on the fly. And if you're playing on the Wii or PS3, you can use the gyroscopic controllers to maneuver your Camaro, semi, or stealth bomber.

In the end, it's all about the climactic battle, and you get just what you've been hoping for: Optimus Prime taking on his biggest rival, Decepticon menace Megatron—the perfect finale for this eighties flashback.

By Rebecca Swanner

REVIEWS

TENCHU Z

(Microsoft) Xbox 360

★★★

New titles in the two biggest ninja franchises make this the summer of head-to-toe black. While you're waiting for *Ninja Gaiden Sigma* to hit stores, check out this eighth game in the stealth-action series starring a samurai-sword-wielding assassin. It's in the kills, not the roof hopping, where the game shines, and that's just as it should be. Bloody stabbings in the back? Check. Brutal beheadings? Check. But what makes the game even better is co-op mode, when you and an online buddy can slay together. Two swords are better than one.

DiRT

(Codemasters) Xbox 360, PS3, PC

★★★

Ready to get dirrrty? Kick up desert sand in a dune buggy, then barrel your way through muddy terrain or weave your way up one of Colorado's tallest mountains in a rally car. You become the king of off-road in this new installment of the *Colin McRae Rally* series by beating the 50-plus tracks, and while there is a wide variety of landscapes, the most breathtaking is Pikes Peak. Each windy turn through the clouds takes you closer to the 14,115-foot summit, and since there aren't any barricades, be careful not to drop off the craggy edge. Or *do* drop off, just so you can watch the slow-motion replay and relive each moment from all kinds of angles. The only downside is, the game doesn't offer head-to-head multiplayer action. You can only beat other players' times.

LAIR

(Sony) PS3

★★★★

What's cooler than a fire-breathing, man-eating serpent? One you control like an airplane and use to torch your enemies, of course. In *Lair*, ride fierce dragons through the skies as you protect your kingdom from threatening forces by burning up their battleships and fighting midair battles against their beasts. You use on-screen commands like in *God of War*, so this feels a bit like flight simulator-meets-action adventure, but it's a better outlet for your fantasy desires than *Dungeons & Dragons*. It's also the coolest-looking game to hit the PS3 so far.

MYSTERIES EXPLAINED

WHY DID THE ATARI 2600 HAVE WOOD PANELING?

Microsoft recently released a faux-wood-paneling faceplate for the 360 and Atari launched the wood-inspired Flashback 2.0, so we began to wonder: What's the deal with fake wood? It all started with the Atari 2600, but why? We asked Curt Vendel, a longtime Atari employee and designer of the Atari Flashback, to find out what inspired the wacky trend.

"Introducing electronics into the home in 1977, especially something as groundbreaking as video games, meant that the devices needed to match many home decors of the era. The faux-wood panel on the front of the console was to give it an accent of wood without having to use real wood, which was very common in stereo equipment; and, if you recall, the older console TVs came in large wood cabinets. This appealed to the warm and comforting allure of natural wood grain that was the style in the seventies for living rooms and rec rooms. In 1982 the wood grain was dropped in favor of a more high-tech look that fell more in line with eighties styling."

Graphic Sex

These erotic drawings feed our senses and tease our imaginations.

I'm always on the lookout for sexy art that doesn't go for easy, over-the-top explicitness, but rather makes the reader look—and think—twice. Enter *PulpHope: The Art of Paul Pope* (AdHouse Books), a collection Pope's fans have been anticipating for years. This compendium of his greatest hits features plenty of nudity, but instead of spelling everything out for you, Pope's mastery is in the tease—he needs only a few brushstrokes to turn you on. Although there are plenty of pretty girls, *PulpHope* is much more than eye candy: It's a true overview of Pope's work, including several works never published before, from showgirls and Japanese manga to large dogs, traditional comics, and much more. In the accompanying essays, he gives shout-outs to everyone from Dante to Picasso as he details his work process and vision for his art (all very interesting, especially the "Herotics" section).

The self-proclaimed "Comics Destroyer" clearly has a reverence for the form, even as he makes it a "moral imperative to question all traditions and presumed rules of the comics medium." The resulting images are arresting. A concert poster offers up a luscious burlesque star who might be hotter than the real thing, while another page offers an elephant hanging from a cloud by a hook.

Pope worships the female body. *PulpHope* is his book of revelation.

Although this is certainly no how-to book, any aspiring comic artist would do well to study the drawings carefully. Pope proves his mastery over various comic forms while putting his own recognizable stamp on each colorful page.

It's the kind of book where every reader will have his personal favorite; mine involves a simple pair of panties about to slide off a girl's perfectly framed ass. Sensually drawn and powerfully erotic, this book's a keeper.

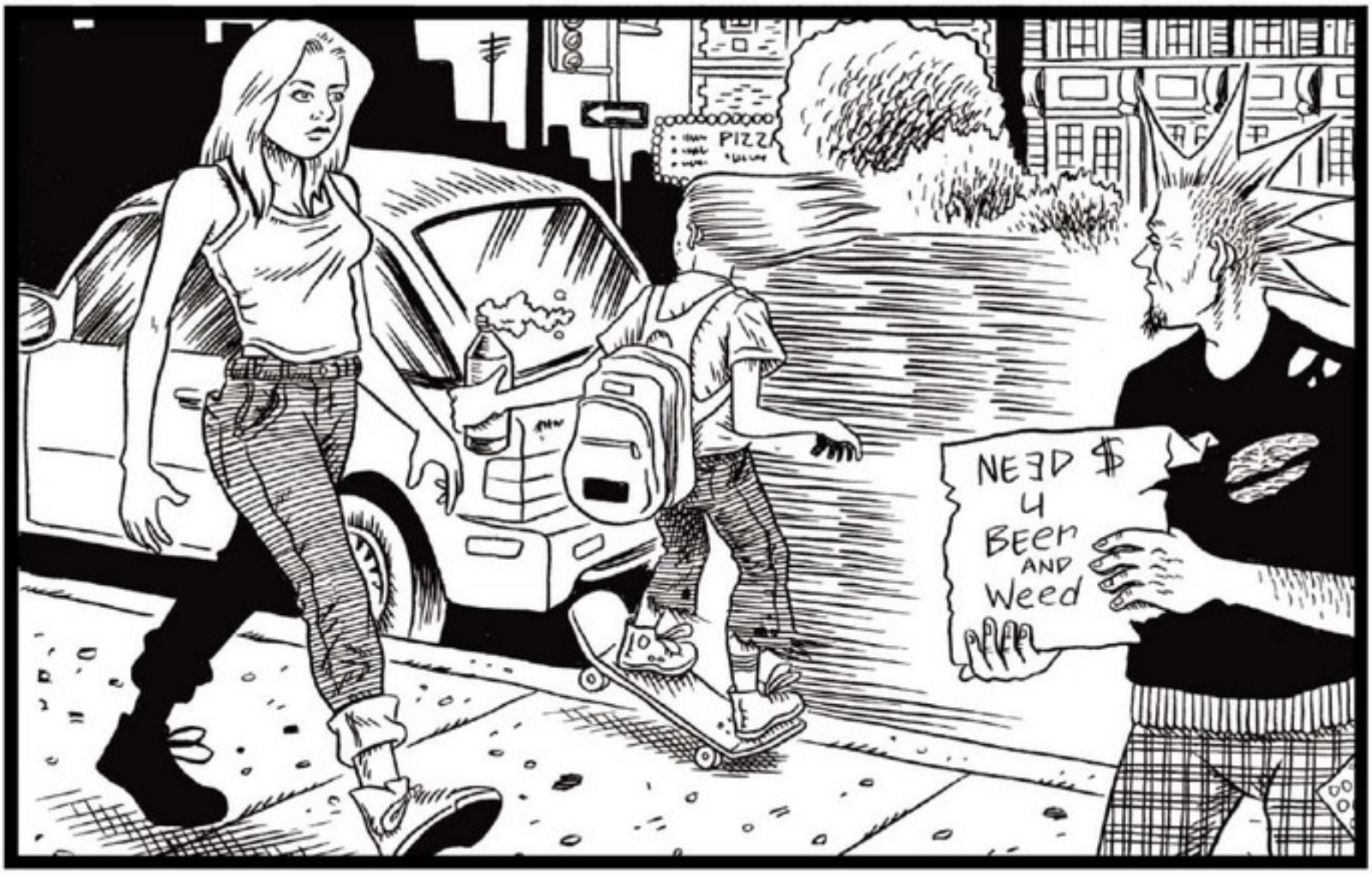
By Rachel Kramer Bussel

Peter Kuper's Dark Journey

An "autobiography" with laugh-out-loud shocks

Master cartoonist Peter Kuper exhibits some of the typical comics-nerd traits—late bloomer, socially awkward, extremely geeky, fear of girls and sex—but in *Stop Forgetting to Remember: The Autobiography of Walter Kurtz* (Crown), they're transplanted into his alter ego, Kurtz. Starting in the present and going back to childhood, Kurtz teaches the reader cartooning tricks while recounting the horrors and pleasures of his early life, including a perfect revenge on an evil ex. But the book's best parts are some of its darkest—an acid trip gone wrong, a fight with his best friend, September 11, and sexless nights with his wife. Kuper defies expectations of the panel format while constantly working in references to his comic heroes. Any reader will likely laugh out loud as I did when, after a business meeting gone wrong, Kurtz turns to the reader and asks, "Was that guy an asshole—or what?"

Q&A



Harvey Pekar Gives Peace a Chance

He follows *American Splendor* with the story of a young woman's war against war. Interview by Jeff Newelt

For 30 years, Harvey Pekar has been mining magic out of the mundane while writing *American Splendor,* his unadorned slice-of-life comic series. Pekar's stories are proto-Seinfeldian celebrations of the ordinary that found their way on-screen in the 2003 film *American Splendor,* starring Paul Giamatti as Pekar and Pekar as himself. His latest offering, the politically tinged *Macedonia* (Villard), drawn by Ed Piskor, documents coauthor Heather Roberson's journey to the Balkans.

How different is it writing history compared to your usual autobiography? Is it more difficult?
It's pretty easy; I get the information from the horse's mouth. When I write autobiographical comics, I write down what my brain dictates and turn that into stick-figure scripts. When I do biographical comics, I work like Studs Terkel, with a whole bunch of questions.

What made you decide to tell Heather Roberson's story?
I met her in 2004 when I was speaking at the University of Missouri. I was a guest of her sister, Holly, and Heather came to visit. Heather started telling me about this beef she had with people who say that war is inevitable. She said, "No, it's not inevitable—and one place where it did not happen is Macedonia, and I'm going over there to write my thesis on it." I'm real interested in history and haven't had much opportunity to write about it before, so I told her when she goes there, take notes, because I might wanna do something on that. So she went there for several weeks, and lo and behold I get 150 pages of notes—she even wrote down full conversations! So it was easy for me to break it down and translate it into comic form. In fact, I put her name on the cover, and I copyrighted the book in both our names.

> "I wanted to write from the standpoint that you can avoid war."

Joe Sacco, who has drawn for you in the past, did great comics about the Balkans. Were those an influence?
Well, Joe is a fantastic artist; but as I call out in the comic, Sacco wrote about war in the Balkans, and I wanted to write something where war wasn't the focus. He's a war junkie who's into portraying the actual violence. I'm not, so I wanted to write about it from the standpoint that you *can* avoid war—and here is an example of it. There is no violence in the book. Another theme is how women are hassled all the time. When Heather goes to Belgrade and Serbia, a taxi driver gives her a real pain in the ass. So a big part of the story was her intrepidness and unwillingness to play it safe. She went over there without writing letters or getting introductions in advance.

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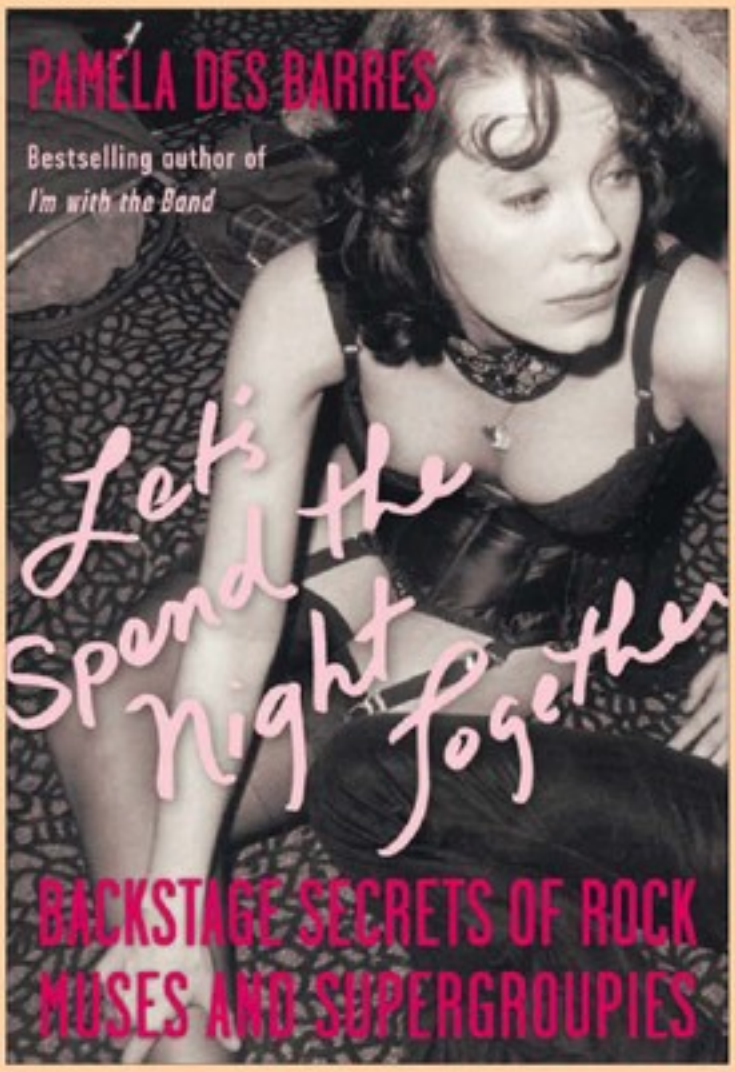


LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER

By Pamela Des Barres (Chicago Review Press)

Des Barres has made quite a career of being the Queen of the Groupies. She not only dished about her dalliances with Jim Morrison, Mick Jagger, and Frank Zappa in *I'm With the Band,* but has since become somewhat of a groupie historian, collecting tales of backstage girls gone truly wild. Now she's back with this juicy collection that is filled with tales of sex with everyone from Elvis to Kurt Cobain—including lots of photos of big-haired gals with their rock idols. Des Barres's breathless tone of excitement as she interviews Pleasant Gehman, Bebe Buell, and male groupie Pleather, who had a fling with Courtney Love (though his favorite moment with her involved "just kissing"), makes this less of a memoir and more of a tribute to the girls and boys "fearless enough" to bust their way past security.

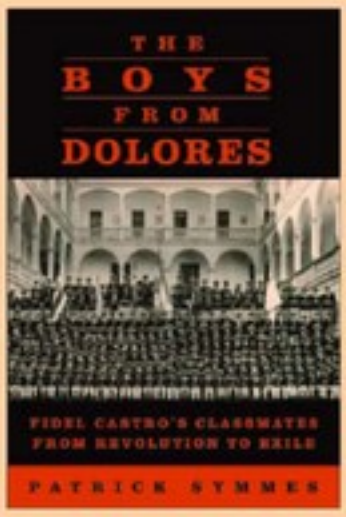
A juicy collection filled with tales of sex with everyone from Elvis to Kurt Cobain.

HOW TO TALK TO A WIDOWER

By Jonathan Tropper (Delacorte Press)

This novel about a 29-year-old guy married to an older woman who dies in a plane crash is about pain, loneliness, and compassion, but unfortunately it's mainly about being cute. Tropper's hero endlessly mourns his wife, who left him a wealth of beautiful, sexy memories (she was perfect, of course) and a cutely dysfunctional teenage stepson who's trying to cope in a disgustingly self-satisfied suburbia right out of *Desperate Housewives.* People meet cute in this book, they argue cute, they even have lovable attacks of dementia. Everyone bristles with irony and the most terrible confrontations seem tailor-made for a TV movie.

The shame is that Tropper can really write, and even when you're gagging on the sitcom setups, he will surprise often with a sudden but all too brief flash of humanity, or an insight into the arbitrary cruelty of existence. Let's hope that after he sells this to Hollywood for a ton of money, he uses his considerable talent to give us the novel he's capable of writing.—*Peter Bloch*



THE BOYS FROM DOLORES

By Patrick Symmes (Pantheon)

The first item in a massive file at the U.S. State Department is a letter to President Roosevelt in 1940 from a 12-year-old boarding-school student in Cuba, who writes, among other things, "I have not seen a ten dollars bill green american and I would like to have one of them. My address is: Sr. Fidel Castro, Colegio Dolores, Santiago de Cuba."

Colegio de Dolores was an exclusive Jesuit boarding school in Cuba. And in this extraordinary new book, Patrick Symmes visits many of the men who grew up with Castro—most of whom eventually turned against him and his revolution. They are a remarkable group of men, some of whom are still fearful of using their full names, who have been—to use an old but accurate cliché—eyewitnesses to history. As one of them told Symmes, "All who knew Fidel Castro knew what he was going to do.... He was always amoral. Not immoral, but amoral. He couldn't be loyal to anything."—*P.B.*

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SHARKSKIN SUIT

By Lucette Lagnado (Ecco)

Like many of the Cubans in *The Boys From Dolores,* Lucette Lagnado's family was driven from a comfortable homeland by revolution. But the only thing her intensely personal family saga has in common with Symmes's sweeping history is its lush, almost intoxicating prose.

The man in the white suit is Lagnado's father, Leon, an elegant if somewhat mysterious businessman whose family thrived in post-World War II Egypt.

In 1956, this comfortable life came to an abrupt end when a new government nationalized the Suez Canal. In return, Britain, France, and Israel invaded Egypt, and life in the Jewish Lagnados's beloved Cairo became increasingly perilous. Leon and his family fled the country, ending up in New York.

Lucette went on to become a prizewinning *Wall Street Journal* reporter (and a *Penthouse* contributor); she captures the heartbreak of exile in this beautifully moving memoir, which will make you nostalgic for a long-ago exotic life that will never exist again.—*P.B.*

TEN REASONS TO GOOGLE ...

Kat Von D

Two years ago, L.A. tattoo artist Kat Von D crashed the *Miami Ink* sausage party and gave us a new reason to tune in. Now she's heading home to California for her spin-off, *L.A. Ink,* and we're definitely going along for the ride. By Kara Wahlgren

She's Serious About Her Art ...
"I don't consider myself to be a TV star. Being on TV just allows me to represent tattooing and represent myself. That's the main reason I accepted the offer. I knew if I didn't, some other girl would, and I couldn't stand the idea of some B-list artist making a joke out of tattooing. And they've done a pretty good job of showing my true self. My main fear is people thinking I'm unattainable because of the show. I'm only an e-mail away."

... But Not Too Serious
"Getting my nonartistic friends wasted and making them tattoo me has always been a guilty pleasure of mine. I call my left leg my 'yearbook.' It looks like a three-year-old got ahold of a tattoo machine and went to town."

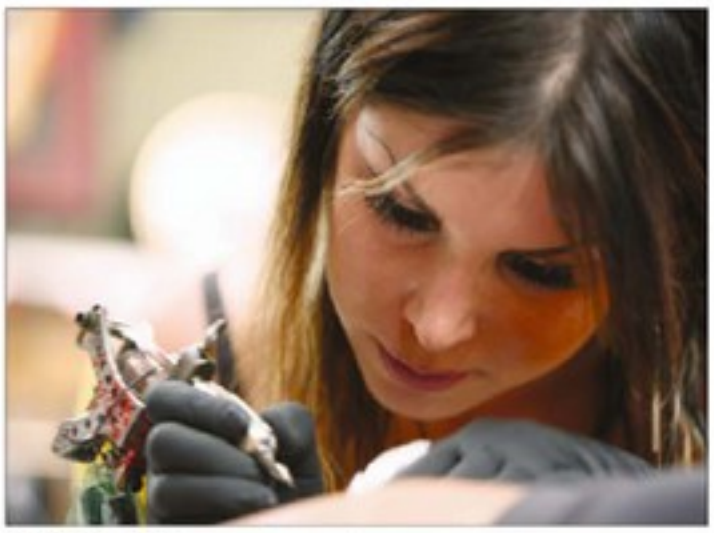
She Can Heal What Ails You
"People come to me with the saddest stories in the world, and I embrace the chance to help them when memorializing someone with a tattoo will help them heal. There is no bigger payoff than helping someone get through a hard time. Being able to make someone feel better is fuckin' amazing."

She Has Fond Memories of Her First Time
"I got my first tattoo at 14. It was an Old English *J* on my ankle for my boyfriend, James. Since we broke up three years later, it now stands for Jesus.... Just kidding."

She's Down With Bam
"I've tattooed members of my favorite bands and actors from my favorite movies, and none have become such close friends as Bam Margera. He'll say, 'Do whatever, Kat. I trust ya.' I could put a bear doing a cat doggie-style on his leg and he'd be stoked. Oh, wait. I *did* do that."

She's a MySpace Junkie
"As cheesy as this may sound, if I'm having a bad day or going through something, I read through my mail. Everyone's amazing support can change how I'm feeling. One day I saw a man die after being hit by a drunk driver, and it was such a traumatizing experience. When I got home, I posted a bulletin on MySpace asking everyone to send positive thoughts and prayers to him and his family. In five minutes, I received 9,000 e-mails and comments. I thought to myself, *There's no way all this positive energy won't have some effect.*"

She Got Married to the Ramones
"Every year on my anniversary with my husband, Oliver Peck, we get married. Our third time, a punk-rock minister performed a renegade ceremony at the Empire State Building. His backpack sound system hooked up to our iPod, and in New York, what better band to get married to than the Ramones? By the time 'Rock 'n' Roll High School' finished, we were married yet again."



Kat impresses us with her tattooing skills, her artistic style, and her take-no-shit attitude.

She's Not Afraid to Compete
"Oliver does his thing and I do mine. He does the most amazing full-color, traditional-style tattoos. He balances me out. We are all about supporting each other and helping each other get better. But racing go-karts with that guy is another story. Oliver will run me off the track into oncoming traffic if it means winning!"

She Knows What Makes Someone Hard Core ...
"Being badass is just something you are. Anyone can be badass, as long as you're not trying too hard to be something you're not. There's nothing worse than people putting up a front and not being true to themselves. That's being a dumbass."

... And What Makes for a Hard-Core Tattoo
"Subject matter can make a tattoo lame, but who am I to judge? If you want the Coors Light logo and it means something to you, go for it! I'm usually pretty down for whatever when it comes to tattooing. A tattoo is badass when you get whatever the hell you want, without reading too much into it. My life motto is DILLIGAF—Does it look like I give a fuck?—and if everyone thought that way, you'd probably see a lot more badass tattoos."

OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CUFFARO

"Getting my nonartistic friends wasted and making them tattoo me has always been a guilty pleasure of mine."

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Kind Buds

Stop harshing your sonic buzz with cheap hearing aids. Here are the latest and greatest headphones for your inner music fan.

By Chuck Tannert Photographs by Nick Ferrari

Tune in, turn on, and drop out was once an invitation to expand your consciousness through mind-altering drugs. Today it means download tunes, hit the pavement with a portable audio device, and joyfully tune out the din of everyday life. Unfortunately, the crappy headphones supplied with most players, like your iPod, can ruin your sonic euphoria faster than a bad hit of acid. That's why discerning listeners are investing in better buds that meet their particular needs. Here are some of the best offerings.

Plug In

ULTIMATE EARS metro.fi 2
$80

You shouldn't expect much for less than $100, right? Wrong! These tiny tots offer much better performance than any bargain-bin music maker we've ever tested. The lows and mids are surprisingly crisp, clean, and melodic, though the upper register leans toward the hot side. (Reducing the treble on your player's EQ will remedy the problem.) The 46-inch cable is capped with a gold-plated mini jack and is unlikely to tangle. The buds are slightly uncomfortable, even with the six earpiece tips provided, but don't let these shortcomings give you pause—the metro.fi 2's overall appeal is incredible.

DENON AH-C700
$200

If money's no object and top-notch sound is imperative, these tiny metallic buds will deliver the sonic goods and do it in style. The bass is thumping, tight, and clean—never muddy—and the mids and highs are lively and detailed. The result is a deep, warm, rich soundstage that works with all music genres. The metal earpieces feel sturdier than the typical molded-plastic designs, and the aluminum connector is fitted with a gold-plated, 3.5-mm mini jack for a better connection. The 47-inch, oxygen-free copper cable is less tangle-prone than most headphone wires.

SHURE SE210
$150

Though somewhat funky-looking, these molded-plastic-and-rubber minis are rock star–approved. The SE210s use monitor technology popularly used by professionals during performances, and have what audiophiles call a very neutral sound—crisp, clear highs and a healthy amount of low-end, without coloring the original music at all. The cable features a very smart two-piece design: The main "Y" cable, which is attached to the buds, is just 18 inches long to accommodate those who keep their player in their shirt pocket; a 36-inch cable extension is also included for those who stow their device in a pants pocket or bag.

Sporting Goods

SONY MDR-J12G
$15

These headphones are as plain-Jane as it gets. Aside from the silver trim covering the ear, the MDR-J12Gs look downright sterile. They're lightweight, designed to wrap around your ears for a secure fit, and come with a coiled cord that's much less intrusive and tangle-prone than a straight wire while exercising. The mids and highs are good but they lack real bass, which is common with many open-air models. Regardless, with the cash you save on these workout earphones, you can buy a good pair of isolating ear buds for your commute.

SENNHEISER MX75
$50

Regardless of your thoughts on having Kermit the Frog-colored cords dangling from your ears, you will grow to love Sennheiser's Twist-to-Fit system. Each earpiece has a rubber stopper above it that locks into the outer ear and ensures a snug fit. Their unique design may not work for every ear and they require a little adjustment to find a position that is secure *and* sounds best, but once in place these earphones sound great. While not exactly boomers, they deliver clarity and crispness that'll impress even the most die-hard audiophile. The 47-inch cable feels solid, but is a bit long and tangles easily. Considering the bargain price, these still live up to the strong Sennheiser name and reputation. Maybe it's good to be green.

THESE SWEAT-RESISTANT PLASTIC SPORTS 'PHONES WILL WITHSTAND YOUR TOUGHEST WORKOUT.

THESE ARE BIG, CLUNKY, AND OFFER THE BEST SOUND QUALITY AVAILABLE.

Earmuffs

KOSS PRO 4 AAT
$100
Being hefty is usually a negative thing. But in electronics, it frequently means you're getting a solidly built product. Well, this classic "circum-aural" (or large ear-cup) model weighs a ton. The Pneumalite cushions provide a comfy fit and maximum sound isolation but don't allow the skin to breathe, and a sweaty ear is an uncomfortable ear. The coiled eight-foot cable is fitted with a 3.5-mm portable-audio-player plug, but a 6.3-mm adapter is included for home stereos. And that's where these big boys shine—at home. The 4AATs deliver oodles of bass and have great top-end detail and impact, though the mids are slightly muted, resulting in thin-sounding vocals. Their punchy sound will most likely appeal to rap and rock 'n' roll fans.

GRADO SR325i
$295
The retro design makes these headphones look like they'd be more at home reproducing Mozart than pumping out Jay-Z. But looks can be deceiving: The gold-colored cans churn out unrivaled sonics no matter what's sent through them. They produce strong, accurate bass, warm and natural mids, and crisp, clean highs with almost no tonal coloration. The 82-inch copper cable and gold-plated 6.3-mm plug (a mini-plug adapter is not included) make the Grados strictly for the couch potato. They're impressively lightweight, but the foam ear pads offer only basic comfort.

Sin City North

Don't be fooled by the massive cross that looms over the city—Montreal shrugged off its Catholic roots decades ago. An abundance of strip clubs combined with liberal drinking and lap-dance laws make "La Belle Ville" an ideal place to lose two days of your life. By Jeff Koyen

Nosh

BRUNCH AND BISTROS

- Cosmos (5843 Rue Sherbrooke O.)
- L'Express (3927 Rue St-Denis)

Instead of chowing down on that Waffle House swill, try Montreal's best greasy spoon, Cosmos. Order the Mish Mash: four eggs, bacon, sausage, ham, salami, tomato, onion, and cheese. Feel your arteries clog. Montreal's French bistros are the best and most reasonably priced in North America. Reserve a table at L'Express and eat cute animals, like duck.

POUTINE

- La Banquise (994 Rue Rachel E.)

Second only to a good hockey fight, Montrealers love poutine: french fries and curded cheese covered in gravy. Despite resembling a Happy Meal puked up by Fat Joe, this grease pile is irresistible, particularly after the pub. La Banquise has one of the city's best. Choose from more than 20 variations, including the B.O.M., with bacon, onions, and merguez sausage. It's open 24/7, because massive coronary failure knows no schedule.

SMOKED MEAT AND BAGELS

- Schwartz's (3895 Blvd. St-Laurent)
- St-Viateur Bagel (263 Rue St-Viateur O.)

Montreal smoked-meat sandwiches and bagels rival any New York deli's. Smoked meat is spicier than its cousin, corned beef, and is eaten on rye with mustard; fries, pickles, and coleslaw are the only acceptable sides. Schwartz's has been serving the city's best sandwiches since 1928. Be prepared to wait in line and share a table with strangers. For 50 years, St-Viateur Bagel has inspired fierce loyalty for their round pieces of dough with a large hole in the middle; they come fresh from the wood-burning oven. Eat like a local: Order with poppy or sesame seeds.

Lose your shirt, lose your pants

LES STRIPS DE DRINKING

- Le Bifteck (3702 Blvd. St-Laurent)
- Buona Notte (3518 Blvd. St-Laurent)
- Le St-Sulpice (1680 Rue St-Denis)

Rue Crescent is where the Americans go. The area is peppered with second-tier pubs and third-tier women. For more local flavor, head east to Boulevard St-Laurent, Montreal's best and oldest nightlife strip. Le Bifteck is a dive bar with pool tables, foosball, and cheap pitchers. Or hit up Buona Notte for a lounge-like atmosphere filled with eye candy and notoriously leggy waitresses. There are plenty of nightclubs nearby. Start your crawl at the corner of Boulevard St-Laurent and Rue Prince-Arthur. Check out the Quebecois crowd at the open-air cafés and bars on Rue St-Denis in the Latin Quarter. In any other city, the five-story Le St-Sulpice would be a garish nightclub complex. Here, it's lively and inviting. Don't miss the massive backyard where thirsty students down cheap pitchers of Boréale Blonde.

FUNHOUSE OF FINANCIAL RUIN

- Casino de Montréal (Île Notre-Dame)

Las Vegas vets will be confused by the big windows and outdoor smoking areas at Casino de Montréal, but they'll be comforted to see the gaggle of grandmas swarming the nickle slots. Don't miss the Sega Royal Ascot racetrack, which features tiny plastic horses running around an eight-foot-long oval track. Bets are a quarter, so you won't blow your lap-dance wad.

The Rules

1 The legal drinking and gambling age is 18, but it's frequently treated as more of a suggestion.

2 Last call is around 2:40 A.M. Bars promptly kick out patrons at 3 A.M.

3 Montreal's reputation as a mini Amsterdam is somewhat inflated. Marijuana is not yet decriminalized.

4 Passports are required for all Americans entering Canada.

5 Be careful what you ask for. Poutine is pronounced *pü-'tEn*. Don't order a *pü-'teh*—that's a prostitute.

"J'AI UN SITE WEB. JE PEUX FAIRE DE TOI UNE VEDETTE."

TRANSLATION: "I HAVE A WEBSITE. I CAN MAKE YOU A STAR."

LES STRIP CLUBS

- La Calèche du Sexe (328 Rue Ste-Catherine E.)
- Kamasutra Club (3580 Rue St-Dominique)
- Club Pussy Corps (263 Rue Ste-Catherine E.)

On Montreal's main tourist strip, roughly a quarter of the storefront doors lead to liquor and lap dances. With more catwalks than Las Vegas, Montreal offers titty for every budget. La Calèche du Sexe is tops among the bottom-feeders, where a $2 door charge means proportionately attractive girls. A full-contact lap dance costs $10 and roaming hands are allowed; just stay away from the honeypot. Besides the famous Club Super Sexe (left), centerfold-quality dancers strut at Kamasutra Club, where the $5 cover buys dolphin-smooth skin, not sagging tits and cellulite. Private dances are $15 per song. For the more adventurous, enlist with Club Pussy Corps. Although there is a stage in this second-floor flesh factory, there are no shows. The $50 cover includes three beers; another $30 buys 20 minutes in a private room with a barely legal beauty. *(All prices are in Canadian dollars. One Canadian dollar equals about 90 cents U.S.)*

Foreign Tongues

Most Quebecois are bilingual, but strippers struggle with Anglo lingo. Here are three sweet nothings to whisper in her ear.

- "Which way to the champagne room?" TRANSLATION: "La salle de champagne est-où?"
- "I never liked this song until now." TRANSLATION: "Je n'ai jamais aimé cette chanson jusqu'à maintenant."
- "I have a Website. I can make you a star." TRANSLATION: "J'ai un site Web. Je peux faire de toi une vedette."

Sunny-side up

DAYTIME DRAGS

- Mount Royal

Since even beer and lap dances get stale after a while, take some time during the day to check out Montreal's thriving hippie scene. Just follow the sound of bongos and the familiar scent to the tam-tams, an informal gathering at the foot of Mount Royal where herb lovers dance to music and wile away their Sunday afternoon throwing Frisbees. Bring your camera and snap shots of the Dungeons & Dragons–inspired mob battling nearby. The nerd-fest will make you wish you played fewer video games. Sports fans should check out the Canadian Football League's Montreal Alouettes nearby. NFL legends like Doug Flutie and Warren Moon seasoned their arms in this pass-friendly league, and the cheap tickets (they start at $20) to this intimate 20,000-seat stadium are some of the hottest in town.

ONE-BLOCK STOP

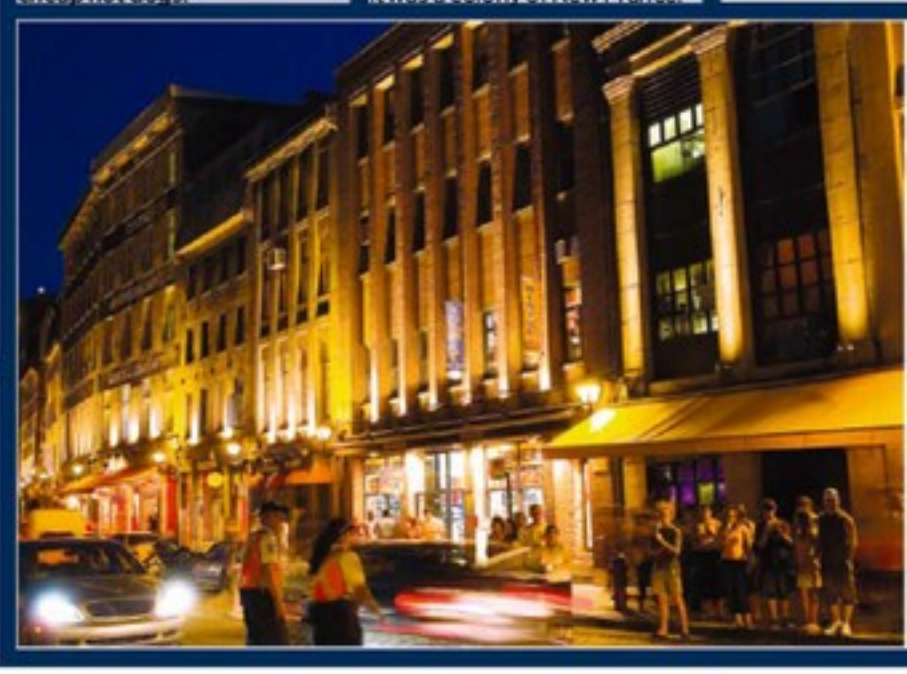
- Rue Ste-Catherine and Boulevard St-Laurent

Short on time? Still hungover? Stray no further than Rue Ste-Catherine at Boulevard St-Laurent for an unapologetic, comprehensive bacchanalia. Montreal's fanciest nightclub, Club Opera, stands near two sex shops, a budget strip club, a Western Union, a tattoo joint, an hourly hotel (ask for a *sieste*), and La Belle Provence, a 24-hour fast-food restaurant serving sloppy poutine and cheap hot dogs.

THE OLD PORT

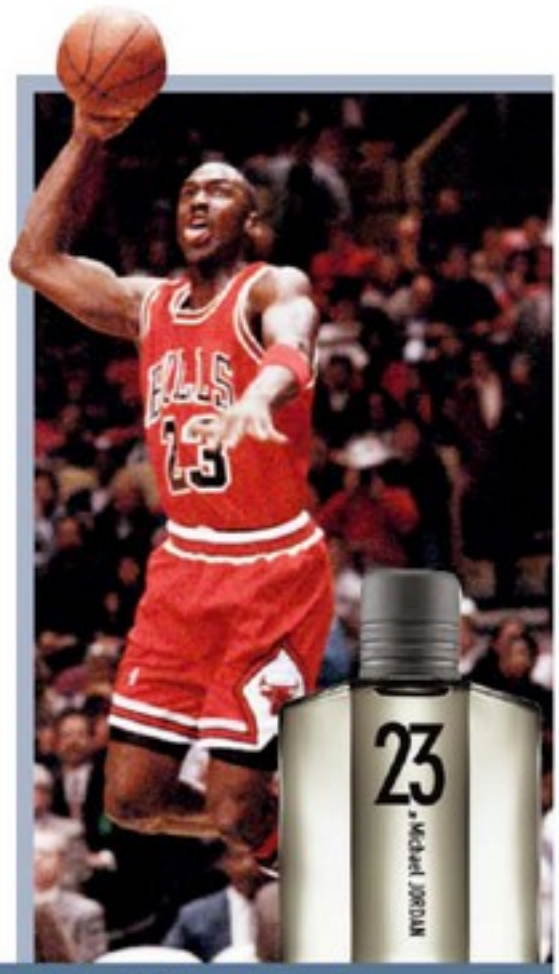
- Cabaret du Roy (363 Rue de la Commune E.)

Once the center of Montreal's industry, the Old Port's cobblestone streets now see more yuppies and geriatric tourists than longshoremen, but a self-guided walking tour is still worthwhile. If you can dodge the horse manure and street performers, you'll find several good bistros with big terraces. The Cabaret du Roy is a cheesy, fun, theme restaurant that re-creates Montreal when it was a colony of New France.



Essence Awards

Celebs are banking that their fame makes for a good fragrance, but what's the scent of a baller or a music mogul? We spray it out for you. By Abigail Aronofsky



23 by Michael Jordan

PRICE: $45 (3.4 FL OZ.)

"A FRAGRANT MIX THAT CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF A CONTEMPORARY MAN"

NOTES:
magnolia, grapefruit, musk, geranium, fig leaves, black currant, watermelon

WE SAY:
His legendary basketball career may be, well, over, but the Jordan brand—shoes, steakhouses, cinematic masterpieces like *Space Jam*—is still strong; 23, one of His Airness's three fragrances, was Perfumania's top-selling Father's Day cologne as recently as 2005. As one of the pioneering celeb-cologne hawkers, at least one gamble paid off for him.

WEAR IT:
until LeBron sweats out the inevitable "King James" cologne

Carlos Santana for Men

PRICE: $40 (1.7 FL OZ.)

NOTES:
bergamot, lavender, mandarin, cinnamon bark, cypress wood, patchouli

WE SAY:
He's got rhythm, but this eau de aging guitar player doesn't scream *manly*. There must be something to the Latin-lover stereotype, though, according to Sandy at the Macy's men's fragrance counter: "It's a soft musk that wears romantically on the skin.... We mostly sell to women who are buying gifts for guys."

WEAR IT:
if you don't mind "Oye Como Va" getting stuck in your head every time you put it on

"THE AROMA JUST AFTER RAINFALL ... IS THE ESSENCE OF THIS TIMELESS CREATION."

Driven, Derek Jeter

PRICE: $25 (2.5 FL OZ.)

"I DIDN'T WANT IT TO OVERTAKE A ROOM. I WANTED IT TO BE CLEAN AND SOPHISTICATED."

NOTES:
grapefruit, lavender, spearmint, bamboo, oakmoss, black pepper

WE SAY:
The captain of the New York Yankees has rounded the bases with Jessicas Biel and Alba, so his musk—said to be "designed to capture ambition, courage, passion, and confidence"—must be powerful stuff.

WEAR IT:
anywhere, except within a 50-mile radius of Boston's Fenway Park

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) BETTMANN/CORBIS, EDDY RISCH/CORBIS, JOHN MUNSON/CORBIS, JAVIER ECHEZARRETA/CORBIS, DENIS O'REGAN/CORBIS, FRED PROUSER/CORBIS

"A PERSONALITY BOTH UN-CONVENTIONAL AND UN-COMPROMISING ... THAT REINVENTS THE CODES OF ELEGANT MASCULINITY"

NOTES:
orange, mandarin, bergamot, cardamom, pimento, star anise, amber

WE SAY:
"Reinventing the codes of elegant masculinity" sounds like a pretty tall order for a guy who trots up and down a field, kicks a ball, and matches his suit to his wife's bustier. Most guys probably know him as that Spice Girl's husband (at least it's not Sporty Spice).

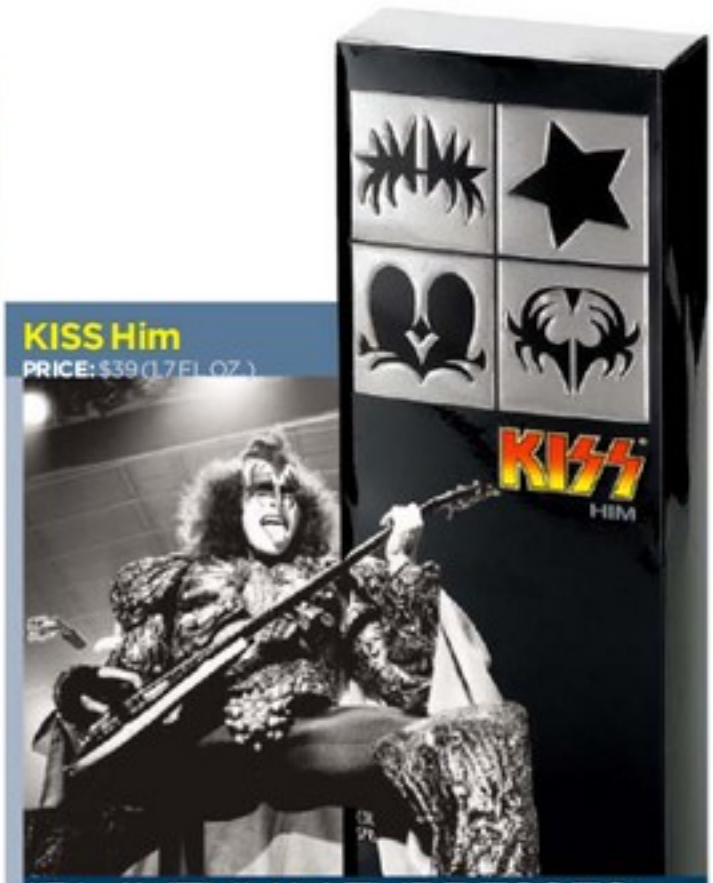
WEAR IT:
while gelling your faux-hawk and making Derek Zoolander faces in the mirror

Instinct, David Beckham

PRICE: $55 (2.5 FL OZ.)

KISS Him

PRICE: $39 (1.7 FL OZ.)



"PLAYFULLY EXPRESSES THE MYSTERY AND GLAMOUR OF MASQUERADE"

NOTES:
bergamot, white pepper, anise, cypress, dark rum, sandalwood, moss

WE SAY:
The "masquerade" part makes sense, considering Gene Simmons and company are virtually unrecognizable without their makeup. KISS fans are notoriously diehard—especially the ladies—and Simmons has probably bagged most of them (he claims to have slept with some 4,600 women), so this could be the love potion you've been looking for.

WEAR IT:
when a spangled jumpsuit isn't enough to contain your masculinity

"THE CULMINATION OF SENSUALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY"

NOTES:
champagne, bergamot, mandarin, cashmere, basil, sage

WE SAY:
Sean "Diddy" Combs's latest album, *Press Play,* is a long way from going even *single* platinum, but this is the No. 3 men's fragrance at Sephora. According to one Macy's salesman, "Guys ask for it by name. It's mostly men who buy it, from young guys to middle-aged." Regarding the cologne's cryptic name, Diddy once said, "People are afraid of what they don't understand." I guess that explains Danity Kane, his made-for-TV girl "band."

WEAR IT:
to your next Hamptons "White Party"

Unforgivable, Sean John

PRICE: $65 (2.5 FL OZ.)

Pet Peeves

You're a grown-ass man. Even though your mom no longer yells at you to clean your room, it's not okay to live in squalor. We spoke to Shay Laren (June '06) to find out why the state of your apartment could send her running for the door.

By Jonathan Ages

Do the dishes

"If half the sink is full, then okay, he didn't clean that day. But if things are rotting and you don't know if that's a rat or just old pizza, then that's disgusting. That shows he's a dirty person. And it just makes you think about all the other things that could be dirty—like, *everything*."

Don't stash the videos

"That's totally fine if he owns a couple pornos. I'd say, 'Let's put it on!' But he probably shouldn't own freaky gross stuff—you know, stuff that Howard Stern would have."

You can leave it up

"I understand that it's *your* bathroom, so you're not going to put the toilet seat down. Just make sure there isn't, like, pee and pubic hair all over the rim. One time I saw a guy's bathroom and chose not to use it. I waited until we left the apartment for the date. I didn't tell him. I can't let a guy know I'm a bitch that early on!"

Don't buy the economy-size box

"A pack of condoms is okay, but I think it's gross when a guy has too many. I've seen it, and it's skanky."

Be quirky, not corny

"I like guys who have quirky, cute stuff, like Superman bedsheets. I love anything retro-cool, kinda geeky. But in high school I dated a guy who had leopard-print bedsheets. I was like, 'What's wrong with you?!' "

Don't sleep with Grandma

"I think it's a good idea to have photos of girlfriends on your wall if they're attractive. It shows women that you hang out with other women—which will make you seem more sexually attractive. It's totally fine if you have family pictures in the bedroom, too. Just don't put Grandma next to the humpty-dump area."

Trash your ex's stuff

"I've gone through guys' medicine cabinets. You just wanna see what prescriptions they have—you never know the crazies out there! But it's having girls' stuff that freaks me out the most. I've seen anti-itch vaginal cream in a single guy's cabinet. I was like, *Is this a souvenir from his ex-girlfriend? Does she still come over? Maybe he uses it.*"

Ditch the extra creams

"I only have one moisturizer in my cabinet. So if a guy has two or three, that's just weird. I try not to assume anything, but some guys swing both ways and don't like to admit it."

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICOLAS SAGE

Scoundrel

Words of wisdom from a 21st-century rogue

Dear Scoundrel,
***Most of my college buddies went into finance, but I couldn't do that with my philosophy degree. They have high-paying jobs and spend a lot of cash on the weekend. How can I keep partying with them without selling my Toyota?*—R.J., California**

Listen, Socrates, they blow dough on the weekend 'cause they're miserably overworked cubicle-zombies on weekdays. You've transcended the existential nadir that is mindless work for the greener pastures of underemployment, so you have ample weekday time to write letters to advice columns and ponder which Olsen twin you'd rather force-feed kielbasa to. As a result, you are spiritually fulfilled and as broke as an Oldsmobile salesman.

But fret not; poverty is more an experience than an economic state. Your buddies are rich in material goods, whereas you have a treasure chest of memorized lines from *Waiting for Godot*. Use this to your advantage and bilk those i-banking bastards for all they're worth: Shortly before the check arrives, raise your champagne glass and say in your most profound voice, "We are all born mad. Some remain so." Then swallow that bubbly and head for the door, revel in your street cred as an artiste, and get a new set of friends who will return your calls when you ask about the next bender.

But if you want to keep your buddies *and* your laundry money, don't ante up for the next Vegas trip. Get tanked before clubbing with friends, wear a flask belt buckle, and be up front about the amount you can pony up for the bill. Remember, even if you blow the Blue Book value of your Corolla to spring for bottle service, the ladies will take off as soon as the vodka runs dry, leaving you with nothing but a few breath mints and a bus pass to your name.

Dear Scoundrel,
***I'm 30 and I've been dating this 22-year-old girl for a few months. A couple of my friends have started giving me flak for it, but I figure she is within my range—given the whole half-your-age-plus-seven rule. Does that still apply?*—A.D., Idaho**

The half-plus-seven rule is for puritans and paroled priests. If she's legal, go ahead and tap that keg. Hell, last year, Quincy Jones was 73 and rumored to be dating a 19-year-old fashion designer. That brings new meaning to his hit "Tell Me a Bedtime Story."

Your judgmental friends probably think *Lolita* is about a European pedophile. Wrong—it's a *love* story about a European pedophile. Even Vladimir Nabokov understood that dating young is the American way. It's a distant cousin of manifest destiny. And arm-candy welcome it, since they generally find security in the embrace and credit rating of an older man. So don't cave to your friends' pressure, and imagine being Quincy's age, getting wheeled offstage after playing a college-auditorium gig. Your geriatric loins will be howling for a game of coed naked shuffleboard.

YOU ARE SPIRITUALLY FULFILLED AND HAVE AMPLE WEEKDAY TIME, BUT YOU'RE AS BROKE AS AN OLDSMOBILE SALESMAN.

Dear Scoundrel,
***I've been casually hooking up with my buddy's younger sister. I'm kinda worried that he might find out, and I'm not sure how he'd react. Should I tell him?*—W.G., Delaware**

Who is this "buddy" and did he ever save you from a gang of Crips? Assess the situation: How protective is he of his sister? How long will you continue planting seeds in her secret garden? Can she keep your extracurriculars on the down-low or will she snitch like Jose Canseco? Get in a few more hot taboo sessions and then find out what she wants to do.

But it sounds like you know how your friend would react if he knew—and the response may involve an improvised javelin. If that's the case, don't tell him; don't ask him if he ever accidentally walked in on his sister while she was showering; and don't ever suggest it would be cool if y'all were brothers-in-law.

When he finds out—and he will—forget about pulling a Johnnie Cochran. Even the Dancing Itos could convict your guilty ass. Fess up. Then buy your buddy an all-expenses-paid trip to Perverts Row at the local townie strip joint and make sure his sweet tooth gets plenty of Candy.

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO SCOUNDREL@PMGI.COM

ILLUSTRATION BY LEE WOODGATE

Rangpur Gimlet

In this most patriotic of months, what better way to celebrate than with a cocktail whose origin pokes fun at our colonial captors? By Abigail Aronofsky

Thanks to the British, each July we have a patriotic excuse to get loaded and shoot off Roman candles in heavily populated areas. Also thanks to the British, we have a cocktail that will have you sailing smoothly from Independence Day's pyrotechnic debauchery straight through Labor Day. Tanqueray—purveyors of the gin your grandpa was pouring while your dad was still sipping apple juice—recently introduced a variant called Tanqueray Rangpur. It's made with exotic Rangpur limes, which look like mandarins but taste like limes. As it turns out, Tanqueray Rangpur makes a mean gin gimlet: a thirst-quencher pioneered by the British Royal Navy, whose sailors had the good sense to combine their gin and lime rations—to ward off scurvy, of course. Our Founding Fathers dubbed the colonizers *limeys,* since the English navy was too cheap to dole out pricier lemons, but as a result of that continental stinginess we ended up with a bitchin' Bill of Rights *and* a delicious beverage.

The citrus in Tanqueray Rangpur sets off the gin's piney flavor while cooling its bite, and adding Rose's lime juice makes for a sweet, tart summer standard. Feel free to raise a gimlet to the limeys, without whom we couldn't take a day off to blow shit up.

THE CITRUS IN TANQUERAY RANGPUR SETS OFF THE GIN'S PINEY FLAVOR WHILE COOLING ITS BITE.

RANGPUR GIMLET

- **2 ounces Tanqueray Rangpur**
- **splash of Rose's lime juice**
- **wedge of lime**

Shake gin and Rose's with ice, then strain into a chilled glass. Garnish with lime wedge.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK FERRARI

So much for soy's wholesome reputation.
3 VODKA
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT BY NUMBER™
3VODKA.COM
© 2006 3 Vodka Distilling Co. 40% ALC./VOL. Please drink responsibly. Serving Size 1.5 fl oz (42g); Calories 96, Fat 0g, Carbohydrates 0g, Protein 0g
NO CARBS

Under the bright light of a cloudless Mediterranean sky, Victoria Vass worships the sun the only way she knows how.

Photographs by Mark Goldberg

glow day

"Living in Europe is a dream come true for me. I can express my sexuality in a much freer way than I ever would back home in America. Anything goes here."

"I'm not very good when it comes to rules. I've always been kind of a wild child, and I guess I'm an exhibitionist, too. When the sun comes out, I just can't seem to keep my clothes on."

Victoria

"My fantasy date is a picnic with lots of good red wine on a secluded beach, a midnight swim in the ocean, and then a long, slow fuck on a blanket in the sand."

"The fastest way to my heart is with a strong and deep full-body massage.
If a man can rub me the right way, I'm all his."

"I can't believe I get paid for showing off my naked body. It's the most natural thing in the world, and I get incredibly aroused when I'm posing. I hope it shows."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF VICTORIA, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/VICTORIA.

Drag Queen

Meet Ashley Force, daughter of drag-racing legend John Force, and the foxiest driver in motor sports.

After reaching nine finals and winning five times in three seasons in the amateur Top Alcohol Dragster class, Ashley Force jumped to the pro Funny Car division this year. She is following in the huge footsteps of her dad, 14-time National Hot Rod Association champ John Force. It was a breakout year for the 24-year-old brunette, who also stars in the A&E reality show *Driving Force* with her two hot drag-racing sisters. When she squared off against her dad on the track this season, they made history as the first father and daughter to compete against each other in any pro sport. Ashley won the landmark race, beating her pops by nearly a second.

You were a high-school cheerleader who took welding and auto shop. Did you always think, *I'm not like the other girls*?
Because of my dad, I was around racing from the time I was born. I loved cars. I loved the smell of nitro, burnouts, and all that. But I was a normal girl, too. My mom had us in dance class and gymnastics. Now that I'm living on my own, I realize I should've taken home ec because I have none of those skills.

It's an old cliché that men love fast cars and beautiful women. You're both, wrapped up in one package.
You might say differently if you saw me out at the track. I have helmet hair and clutch dust all over my face. But I like seeing a lot of women involved in drag racing. It's fun to show the fans that you can be a race-car driver and still do the typical things. I do my makeup in between rounds. Fortunately, I didn't have to turn into a grease monkey in order to race.

Do you know the pioneering female drag racer Shirley Muldowney?
I've seen the movie about her, *Heart Like a Wheel,* and I have a book on her. And I've talked to her a lot. The things she went through are nothing at all like my situation. The people I race with now, they're all happy to have women in the sport. Some of my competitors have daughters who race junior dragsters. It's very much accepted now. I don't know if I could've made it through what Shirley went through. I don't know if I would've been strong enough. But thankfully she was, and it made where we are today so much different.

Do you have a normal dating life?
I do, I guess. I have a boyfriend and he actually works on a funny car that I compete against. I think with drag racing, you're on the road so much, it would be difficult to have a normal boyfriend at home. They just wouldn't get it. I come home from the races and people are like, "Man, you're talking so fast and loud." That comes from being around the track.

Force made sports history by competing against—and beating—her father in Funny Car this past spring. Said Dad, "She's probably going to whip me a bunch more."

I read a description of your dad that called him a combination of Gary Busey, Elvis Presley, and Andy Griffith. Is that accurate?
I don't know how you could even describe my dad. He's like a nutcase. He's a crazy guy, but he has the biggest heart. He can yell when he's mad, but he can fix any problem. Even a personal problem—your boyfriend or whatever—he can somehow call them and make them not mad at you.

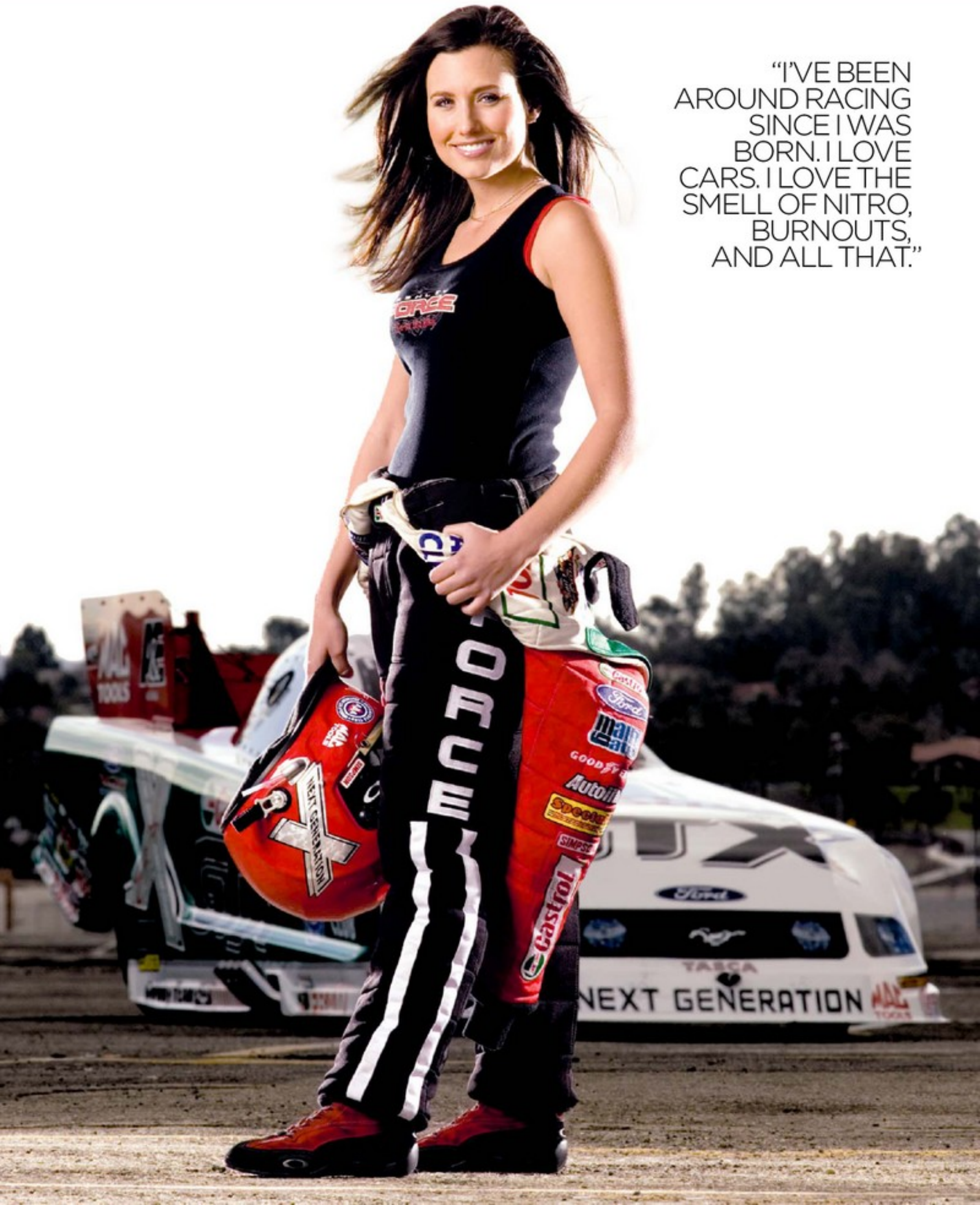
He doesn't fix those boyfriend problems with a lead pipe and a shotgun, does he?
No, no! He actually matched me up with my boyfriend. It's very strange. I never would have expected my father to do that.

Is it true that after you won your first big race two years ago, your dad ran behind the grandstand and threw up?
Yes, and I think that's the funniest thing I ever heard. I don't know why it would've given him that reaction. I think he's just so emotional that whatever he's feeling, it's like 25-hundred times what the normal person feels. I was excited, too, but I was smiling—and he was puking. I guess you can see where the differences are.

There's an Ashley Force Barbie doll and a Hot Wheels die-cast car. Which are you most proud of?
I love the Barbie doll. I have a lot of fans who are younger girls, but at the races there was never anything for them except die casts and loud race-car T-shirts. Finally, there's a doll at the tracks—with the fire suit, the helmet, and boots.

Do you really love the smell of nitro?
It's not just the smell. You feel it in your eyes, burning your nose—it's so powerful. When you smell it, you know there's a race car nearby. I've been around racing since I was a kid, and it's still that same smell. It can bring grown men to where they're coughing and their eyes are welled up with tears.—*Dave Hollander*

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF A&E. OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY WHITE



"I'VE BEEN AROUND RACING SINCE I WAS BORN. I LOVE CARS. I LOVE THE SMELL OF NITRO, BURNOUTS, AND ALL THAT."

Look for the silky-smooth, hyper-athletic Brewer to go in the top five of this year's draft.

Draft Cards

The wiseasses who fill Madison Square Garden are the real story of every NBA draft.

For hoops heads all over the world, draft day is one of the most hotly anticipated dates of the year. Usually held a week or two after the NBA Finals—it's on June 28 this year—the draft is the final piece of the NBA season, the finishing touch.

But what you see on the ESPN telecast from your couch tells only half the story. Like any million-dollar TV production, the version beamed out to the world is a polished picture—edited, organized, and sanitized for mass consumption. It captures the money shots—the top picks in their five-button suits shaking commissioner David Stern's hand—but it misses the little moments, the details that embody the true essence of the draft-day experience.

"The commercial breaks are the highlight of the draft," says Sam Rubenstein, a contributor to *SLAM* and a veteran of several drafts. "Who knew so many people had such strong feelings about Jay Bilas and Stuart Scott? They do a great job editing out all of the profanity for TV." It's true that once the cameras stop rolling, the maniacal, frequently belligerent fans packed inside the Garden really get going. Whether they're chanting "Fire Isiah!" or shouting "DUI!" in unison as former Duke University guard J. J. Redick's name is announced (as they did in '06), the inmates seem to run the asylum. Last year's spectacle featured a brutal seven-minute sequence during which two fans mercilessly heckled ESPN commentator Stephen A. Smith. As he munched on Cheez Doodles during a break, the two yahoos launched into their impressions of Smith's volatile on-air persona: "Quite frankly, these Cheez Doodles are delicious!" Naturally, the whole episode was on YouTube the next day.

2007 Mock Draft Top 5

NBA EXPERT PETER SCHRAGER ASSESSES THE ELITE PROSPECTS OF THIS YEAR'S DRAFT.

1 Greg Oden, Ohio State center, 7'0", 280, freshman
Dominating NCAA final performance (25 points, 12 rebounds, four blocks) locked up the top spot for him.

2 Kevin Durant, Texas forward, 6'9", 215, freshman
Averaged 25.8 points and 11.1 rebounds per game at Texas; potential NBA-pantheon player.

3 Brandan Wright, North Carolina forward, 6'9", 205, freshman
Tremendous athlete; can run the floor and rebound with the best.

4 Al Hortford, Florida forward, 6'10", 245, junior
NBA-ready body, two national titles.

5 Corey Brewer, Florida guard/forward, 6'9", 185, junior
The silky swingman will ride his MVP performance in the NCAA championship game to the top five in the draft.

ONCE THE CAMERAS STOP ROLLING, THE MANIACAL GARDEN FANS REALLY GET GOING.

But the off-camera stuff is not all about taunting ESPN personalities or Duke pretty boys. The TV cameras routinely neglect the whole "draft-pick-in-the-crowd" phenomenon. In 2005, the NBA didn't invite prep star Andrew Bynum to sit in the greenroom, a roped-off VIP area for projected lottery picks. He didn't care. He and his entire family drove to Madison Square Garden from New Jersey and sat in the crowd with the fans. When Bynum's name was called as the surprise tenth pick, he glided down the stairs and strutted past the greenroom filled with the more ballyhooed NBA hopefuls, grinning up to his eyes. On his way back to his seat, he was mobbed by dozens of random fans. The other top picks never came close to mixing with the hard-core fans like that.

A few hours later, Mickael Gelabale—a Frenchman with Sideshow Bob hair—pulled a similar move after Seattle selected him in the second round. He got a standing ovation from the Garden crowd. Why did a second-round afterthought get a standing O? Because during the three hours that he'd been sitting in the upper reaches of the theater, he managed to befriend every fan in the section.

These are the moments that truly define the NBA Draft, and you won't see them on ESPN. So why not make a late-June trip to New York this year? Who knows, maybe you can catch a ride with the Bynums.
—Peter Schrager

PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTY IMAGES. OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) REUTERS/TIM PARKER, AFP/GETTY IMAGES

After a freakish spell of wildness in 2000, Ankiel dropped pitching; he's currently trying to make it as an outfielder.

By John Bolster

The Enemy Within

Why do some baseball players suddenly lose the ability to walk and chew gum at the same time?

As Yogi Berra once said, "Baseball is 90 percent mental; the other half is physical." Somewhere in Berra's expressionistic equation, between the psychology of the game and its mechanics, there's a lot of room for seemingly simple things to go completely haywire. Baseball history is dotted with players who inexplicably lost the ability to execute the most routine tosses of the game.

In 1990, Mets catcher Mackey Sasser hit .307 and looked to be on his way to a solid career. The next year, he couldn't throw the ball back to the pitcher from his catcher's position. He would double-clutch and hesitate, unable to release the ball. By the end of '95 he was out of the game, a victim of what Dr. Richard Crowley, a psychologist, calls "the invisible opponent."

Crowley, who helped former All-Star second baseman Steve Sax and pitchers Mark Wohlers and Steve Blass overcome similar problems, defines the phenomenon as a "psychic virus that infects a player's mind, much like a computer virus can attach itself to software." Sax got hit with the virus in 1983 and was unable to throw from his second-base position to first. "It's the toughest thing I've ever gone through," he has said. "It's so awful, and everybody in the world is watching you."

And according to Blass, everyone's also offering suggestions—a well-intentioned response that only makes the situation worse. "One of the biggest difficulties," Blass said, "is that too many suggestions, ideas, and theories cause clutter."

Crowley's method involves reducing that clutter by conjuring an image in the imagination to refocus the player. "Wohlers snapped out of his nightmare after the third session we did together," he says. Blass, who'd long since retired, consulted Crowley because he wanted to "recover the joy of throwing again."

"I tried to get in touch with [Chuck] Knoblauch, Sasser, and Rick Ankiel," Crowley says, speaking of other major leaguers who struggled with the demon (see sidebar). "But sadly, my attempts were in vain. I think I could have helped them as well."

Sons of Steve Blass

STEVE BLASS'S DRAMA WAS THE FIRST PUBLIC CASE OF BASEBALL BRAIN-LOCK. HERE ARE FOUR OTHERS:

RICK ANKIEL, ST. LOUIS CARDINALS 1999–2004; 2006–?
After an impressive first full season in the majors, the left-hander threw five wild pitches in one inning in a 2000 playoff game. He never recovered. In 2006, he rejoined the Cards' farm system as an outfielder.

CHUCK KNOBLAUCH, THREE TEAMS 1991–2002
A perennial All-Star and a 1997 Gold Glover, Knoblauch, like Sax, botched throws from second to first. He was replaced in the field during the playoffs.

DAVE ENGLE, FOUR TEAMS 1981–89
An All-Star catcher in 1984, Engle began lofting his throws to the pitcher the following year. He played only sparingly for four more years.

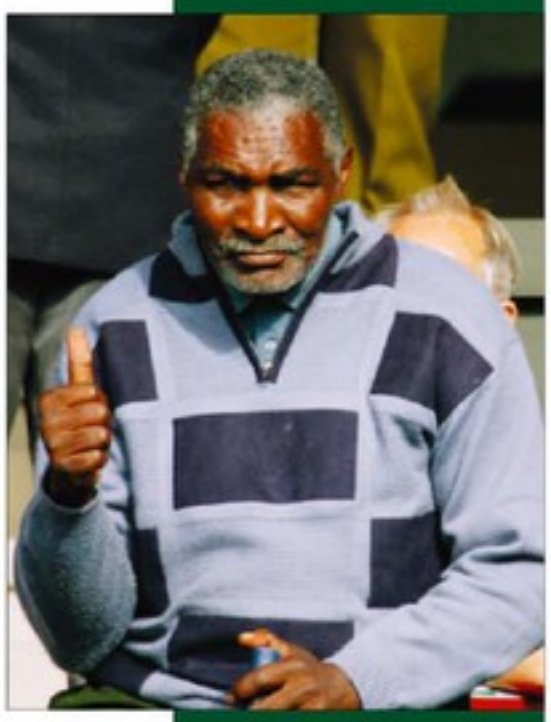
MIKE IVIE, FOUR TEAMS 1971–83
Ivie, a No. 1 draft pick, was supposed to be a catcher, but he developed a "phobia" of throwing the ball back to the pitcher. He was moved around the infield during his career.

Penthouse Top 5 Embarrassing Sports Dads

This Father's Day, be happy your dad wasn't one of these guys.

5 PRESS MARAVICH
Sure, he molded his son Pete into a one-of-a-kind basketball talent, but at what cost? Pete, who called himself a "basketball android" because of how his father raised him, struggled with alcoholism off the court.

4 RICHARD WILLIAMS
After his tennis-star daughters Venus and Serena were booed by a smattering of fans at a 2001 tournament in Indian Wells, California, Williams (below) said, "It's the worst act of prejudice I've seen since they killed Martin Luther King."



3 DAMIR DOKIC
In a recent spittle-flecked diatribe to a Serbian reporter, Dokic, father of onetime tennis prodigy Jelena, said he was so furious over his daughter's relocation to Australia that he "thought about killing an Australian in revenge."

2 JIM PIERCE
You know you're a bad sports dad when a WTA rule outlawing abusive conduct is named for you. The Jim Pierce Rule went into effect after the father of two-time Grand Slam champion Mary Pierce punched a fan at the 1992 French Open.

1 MARV MARINOVICH
Marinovich raised his son Todd to be an NFL QB—starting in the womb. He monitored his wife's diet while she was pregnant with Todd, and it only got worse from there: Todd has been arrested on drug charges five times.

Healing Walter Reed

For too long, America's wounded heroes have been facing friendly fire from an uncaring bureaucracy. But finally we're getting some optimistic reports from the medical front lines. By Matthew Currier Burden

I first set foot in Walter Reed Army Medical Center a few years ago when I visited a friend who had lost a foot in combat in Iraq. While I was there, I looked in on some other wounded troops to see if I could do anything for them. As you might expect, I was pretty nervous. Hospitals are never fun places to visit, especially when you're seeing friends who have been all shot up.

But my visit was not at all what I expected. The soldiers I met were very positive and eager to return to their units. In fact, many of them wanted *my* experience at *their* hospital to be a good one. And for a couple of years, I felt energized, even uplifted, after visiting Walter Reed. But more recently, I've heard increasingly frequent complaints—not about the medical care, but about the bureaucracy. And now, those complaints have become national news—and a national scandal.

Soldiers always gripe—and honestly, I'd be worried if they stopped. But the volume of complaints and frustration being expressed is truly disturbing. The biggest issue (which I first heard about from a nurse) is that there is no spokesperson—no ombudsman, to use a currently fashionable word—whose job is to act on behalf of wounded soldiers.

There are a few military liaisons who report to the commander, but no one outside the chain of command who can solve issues for the patients. Soldiers have to fend for themselves. Problems arise if a soldier doesn't have a family member to look after his well-being (like at any hospital, you or your family need to be proactive about taking charge of your own care). As I said, soldiers like to gripe, but they're trained to "drive on" no matter the circumstances. So when someone gets wounded and stuck in a hospital, he tends to accept the conditions as they are. He toughs it out. That mentality probably explains why it took so long for this national disgrace to make the front pages.

Since the scandal broke, I've been asked several times if I was aware of the abysmal conditions at the hospital during my visits and fund-raising efforts to support the patients. The fact is, what I had seen during those visits was fine. I didn't know about the now-infamous vermin-infested Building 18, and the doctors, nurses, and therapists of Walter Reed are among the most caring and capable professionals I've ever met. But I was unaware of the problems with the civilian and military administration and leadership of the hospital—and since I didn't know about those problems, after a couple of dozen visits to Walter Reed, it's not surprising to me that most of America didn't know either. The reporters who broke this story deserve great praise.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) NINA BERMAN/REDUX, STEFAN ZAKLIN/CORBIS, REUTERS/KEVIN LAMARQUE

Because this column's reporters are the men and women who serve in the military, we sought out those who had rotated through Walter Reed to find out just how bad the situation is. From a captain who was wounded in combat in Iraq: "I have seen this place wear soldiers down to the point where they lose hope, pride, and the desire to return to the fight. I have been treated like shit. Reed is supposed to heal us, not make us worse. Thank God, I'm an officer. I've seen the enlisted hurt by the process. And I'm ashamed that I could do nothing about it."

A sergeant from Idaho who was hit by an improvised explosive device in Iraq writes, "The admin is so goat-fucked-up that they snoop to see if you attend the voluntary morale outings. If you appear to be out and about, they find more work for you to do. Yeah, I'm a regular fucking man about town on crutches! Mind-numbing shit. I didn't even know what the fuck 'collate' meant until I started driving the copy machine. Fuck!"

This is from the wife of a friend who was wounded in Iraq and lost a leg below the knee. I'd been advising her to keep both of them focused on improving his health instead of on the complicated and frustrating paperwork: "Thanks for the warning.... I am [new to] the Army's insane procedures. [My husband] got his first official warning for not standing in formation last week. Funny, he's sedated so I can't even tell him about it."

But while horror stories are still too common, I'm happy to see that the Army has appointed a real soldier, a doctor and a warrior, as the new commander of Walter Reed. Over the past few months, Major General Eric Schoomaker has begun making progress in staffing, facilities, and organization. His e-mail says the right things: "The last few weeks have been intense. As I reflect and ponder what we've accomplished and what is still ahead, I believe the responsibility and opportunity we at WRAMC have before us is awesome, yet clear. We have warriors and family members of yesterday, today, and tomorrow counting on us. We owe it to them and the next generation of service members to get it right. We have the best and brightest working on this monumental task. This will be our greatest legacy to these warriors and their loved ones. *Now* is the time and *this* is the place."

Although we know that words always come easily, it appears that Walter Reed is trying to live up to this mandate, even if it's mainly PR at this point. A soldier sent me this update as patients were being moved out of Building 18: "Nearly shit a brick today when I found out that Walter Reed is movin' ... TODAY! They also are installing all of these brand-new iMacs in the room, from which I am typing. They are also installing 32" flat-screen televisions onto each wall of every room. Thought you would like to know."

This reassuring e-mail came from another wounded sergeant: "Matt, you KNEW it was coming. No scandal is complete without a sharp-looking but sarcastic T-shirt. Just so you know, I am now wearing my I SURVIVED BUILDING 18 T-shirt, suitable for framing."

So our wounded heroes have up-to-date technology and funny T-shirts. Those are easy fixes. Now let's see if General Schoomaker can heal the wounds caused by bureaucracy and administrative failures. We'll keep you posted—and if you're in the military, or you have a friend or family member on duty, let us know what you think. E-mail warriorwire@pmgi.com.

Above: Tristan Wyatt, who lost a leg in Fallujah in 2003, gets therapy at Walter Reed; left: Army Chief of Staff Peter Schoomaker discusses hospital conditions with Marine veteran Aaron Schoenfeld earlier this year (Schoomaker's brother, Eric, is now in command at Walter Reed); right: U.S. Army Surgeon General Kevin Kiley had to resign over the scandal.

"THE ADMIN IS SO GOAT-FUCKED-UP THAT THEY SNOOP TO SEE IF YOU ATTEND THE VOLUNTARY MORALE OUTINGS. IF YOU APPEAR TO BE OUT AND ABOUT, THEY FIND MORE WORK FOR YOU TO DO."

THE AUTHOR'S BOOK, *THE BLOG OF WAR: FRONT-LINE DISPATCHES FROM SOLDIERS IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN*, WAS PUBLISHED LAST YEAR BY SIMON & SCHUSTER.

You've Co

There's more to the mystery of your girlfriend's orgasm than whatever skills you've managed to pick up. There's the biological imperative, the bonding mechanism, not to mention the very survival of the species. Jonathan Sabin uncovers the truth about thousands of years of shudders and moans.

Right there. No, lower. Faster. Faster! YES! Wait, not so hard. Slow down, will you? Jesus, what do you think I am? Did you just call me a dirty little whore? Get the hell out of my bed!

If you are a sexually active man—and let's face it, you ought to be—you've probably been on the receiving end of just such an exchange. Satisfying a woman is no easy task for boys; it requires experience, wisdom, and, often, a master's degree in biology. Any guy who says he has a reliable handle on the big O is either lying or being lied to. Deciphering the apex of female arousal is like honing your golf swing: Just when you think you've got it nailed, your balls end up far from the putting green. "It's elusive," says late-night carouser Dave Attell. "It's like the Easter Bunny or national health care: a great idea I'd love to see, but probably never will."

And yet, this carnal mystery is as integral to our sense of manhood as beer and baseball. But triggering a lady orgasm isn't merely a sexual skill; it's a survival mechanism. "The female orgasm reveals how much women value men," says Dr. Randy Thornhill, distinguished professor of biology at the University of New Mexico. Recent studies suggest that the female orgasm isn't a sexual indulgence, but rather an appraisal of our worth as mates. In the contest of natural selection, our orgasmic aptitude is a game changer. Unfortunately, figuring out the precise evolutionary origins of the female orgasm is a bit more complicated than explaining why we have opposable thumbs. But that hasn't stopped intrepid sex scientists from cooking up some pretty kinky theories. Those theories all have one thing in common: The female O says a lot more about *you* than it does about her.

According to a surprising number of studies, inciting the carnal climax ranks alongside cold fusion in degree of difficulty—a tragic one-third of women rarely or never have one during sex. "Only about 25 percent of women reliably have an orgasm through intercourse," says Elisabeth Lloyd, a biology professor at Indiana University and author of *The Case of the Female Orgasm: Bias in the Science of Evolution*. Clitoral stimulation, she says, is a much more reliable route to ecstasy—a fact that women have managed to discover without the aid of scholarly research. (Alfred Kinsey, the Albert Einstein of sex research, found that 84 percent of women who masturbate push their love button.) It seems the tongue is mightier than the sword.

But unless women start getting pregnant through cunnilingus, all of this makes little evolutionary sense. The orgasm, for both genders, is an evolutionary adaptation—which is to say, it's an insanely pleasurable incentive to have lots of sex, and thus lots of babies. It's nature's way of rewarding us for behaviors that promote survival and procreation. (Now you know why that protein-rich sirloin tastes so damn good.) So if the relatively rare female orgasm is a sexual incentive, it's not a very good one, and certainly not one that should have survived millions of years of natural selection. And unless your penis is shaped like an origami swan, clitoral stimulation has little if anything to do with baby making. So why do women have them?

"It functions as a bonding scheme," says Frans de Waal, a primatologist at Emory University. "If a woman has a very

PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTY/IMAGE BANK

a long way, baby

pleasurable encounter with a man that results in orgasm, she will probably come back for more." According to the pair-bond theory, the orgasm served as the bonding mechanism between the sexes, encouraging prehistoric men and women to forge lasting relationships. For women, these attachments ensured that their caveman counterparts would stick around to feed the family, fend off attacks from wild beasts, and make sure the kids got into good private schools. The man, meanwhile, could go out hunting without worrying that his hominid honey was sneaking a quickie with Barney Rubble in the cave next door.

Skeptics of the pair-bond theory, however, say the female orgasm is more likely to promote promiscuity than fidelity. They argue that because women come so rarely, they would want to shag as many guys as possible to increase their orgasmic odds (coincidentally, this also explains the mating rituals of sorority girls). Such licentiousness would aid in the survival of the species by making the men in a particular clan unsure of which tots were theirs, and thus less likely to slap around infants who might be their own. Most scientists consider this a pretty big stretch, though, because it assumes that our ancestral grandfathers were bloodthirsty baby killers who regularly pummeled helpless tykes who weren't related to them. And unless you're Danny Bonaduce on a 'roid rage, this probably isn't the case.

Another creative theory claims that the muscle contractions associated with the female orgasm functioned as an ejaculatory aid for men. Stone Age males, the argument goes, were long-lasting studs who copulated with so many women that they could last for hours. In order to finally release their seed, they needed some extra assistance from the woman's vaginal muscles.

The most compelling evolutionary account of the female orgasm entails a concept called *sperm competition*. The idea is that by having orgasms, women unconsciously select which male's sperm will inseminate them. Scientists who clearly have *way* too much time on their hands have determined that when a woman has an orgasm, the vagina creates a suction effect that helps transport sperm into the reproductive tract. When a woman climaxes one minute before and up to 45 minutes after the man ejaculates, vaginal "upsuck"—yes, this is an actual term—helps the woman retain more sperm, thus increasing the chances of fertilization. "It's a form of cryptic female choice," says Dr. Thornhill, who coined the term in 1983. "Females are very sophisticated and can choose sires of their offspring through subtle means." During our prehistoric past, women likely copulated with more than one male during their reproductive cycle. In order to ensure that only the superior sperm reached their promised land, women developed mechanisms like upsuck to give an advantage to their preferred mates.

So which men are most likely to ring their partners' bells? Thornhill believes that women tend to orgasm with men who possess bilateral symmetry, a primary indicator of physical attractiveness. If a prehistoric male had two arms of equal length and two matching earlobes, he was considered a catch, since it signaled that he had good genes and was strong enough to fend off disease, wild animals, and any other environmental threat that could compromise his physical form. Even today, Thornhill says, symmetrical men have more sexual partners and dole out more orgasms than their lopsided brothers. "Some guys just fire more orgasms than others," he says. "That's the way the world works."

Before you call up the plastic surgeon to get that slight imbalance on your scrotum realigned, keep in mind that the world today looks very different from the world our grunting ancestors inhabited. Even if your misshapen mug on your MySpace page prompts women to slam down their laptops in horror, there are ways to compensate. What modern diva wouldn't take a Harvard MBA or a G-spot savant over bilateral symmetry? "Back then it was about who had the better cave," says Attell. "Now it's about who has the SUV or how much your movie made on opening weekend."

And here's another encouraging sign for the orgasmically challenged: The female orgasm may not serve any evolutionary purpose at all. According to Lloyd, the female O is nothing more than a developmental hiccup. "It's not adaptive because there is no evidence linking it to reproductive success," claims Lloyd, who rejects the adaptive theories as being either conceptually or statistically sloppy. Instead, she says that the clitoris, and by extension the female orgasm, developed as an offshoot of the penis. For the first eight weeks of gestation, embryos are genderless. If they receive a rush of certain hormones, they get a penis; if not, they develop labia. Lloyd argues that the clitoris, much like the male nipple, is a welcome but unnecessary anatomical afterthought.

But does any of this really matter? Even if the orgasm isn't adaptive, women are still going to want to have them (and men would be smart to indulge them). And if it *is* adaptive, who cares what the reason is? "It only matters in terms of the abstract reality," says Thornhill. "It certainly doesn't have anything to say about how we enjoy life."

Well, that depends on how you define *enjoyment*. O

TRIGGERING A LADY ORGASM ISN'T MERELY A SEXUAL SKILL; IT'S A SURVIVAL MECHANISM.

The Climax Index

The female orgasm may be a biological mystery, but there are more stats on the subject than on your favorite fantasy-baseball team. Here are a few to keep handy:

95% Percentage of women who orgasm "easily and readily, and whenever they want" during masturbation

4% Percentage of women who masturbate but do not achieve orgasm

14% Percentage of women who experience multiple orgasms

4 Approximate number of minutes it takes for a woman to climax while masturbating

30% Percentage of women who always require direct stimulation of the clitoris to achieve orgasm

24% Percentage of women who can achieve orgasm through intercourse without direct clitoral stimulation

11% Approximate percentage of women who never orgasm during sex

24% Approximate percentage of women who always orgasm during sex

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGHAM FIELD

JONATHAN SABIN IS A FREELANCE WRITER IN NEW YORK. HE HAS WRITTEN FOR *FAST COMPANY, DETAILS,* AND OTHERS.

bound for glory

Everybody's got their own version of the American dream. Last year Sasha Grey headed to Los Angeles and started making hers come true. Join her as she celebrates her independence, and as we celebrate the introduction of the Big Rip, our first ever removable centerfold.

Photographs by Terry Richardson

STYLING BY JENNY TAYLIA

"You can't let anyone hold you back from your passion. That's the way I look at everything in life."

"As a teenager I was very sneaky. I knew everyone who got caught, but I was too smart for that. I always found my way out of trouble."

"I take risks every day just doing what I do and fighting for what I believe in as a young woman. That counts for something every day."

"The more I watched porn, the more I saw an opportunity to continue exploring my sexuality and pushing my own boundaries and finding new ways to define myself as a woman."

"The itch to be famous is always there. For me, it's more about expressing myself—sexually and creatively—not just for porn, but for everything else I do as well. If fame comes, that's good, too."

Sasha Grey
JULY 2007 PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
19 years old, 5'6"
32-26-32

Qualities you like most in others:
"Intelligence. Ignorant people are one of my biggest fears."

Pick anyone in the past, present, or future you want to sleep with:
"David Bowie. He's a very innovative person and he's always reinventing himself."

The last time you fought someone:
"I was 11 and some boy called me a bitch, so I punched him. After that he had his friend ask me out."

Real-life heroes:
"Cosey Fanni Tutti of Throbbing Gristle, Lady Godiva, David Bowie, Napoléon Bonaparte."

Sexiest quality a man can possess:
"Confidence. But my eyes are always going to follow his ass."

If you could live the life of anyone in history?
"Anaïs Nin."

If you could relive any moment in your life?
"The first time I had sex with my boyfriend."

Pick any place on your body for an erogenous zone:
"I like it where it is."

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(1-800-946-7381)
Callers must be 18 or older.
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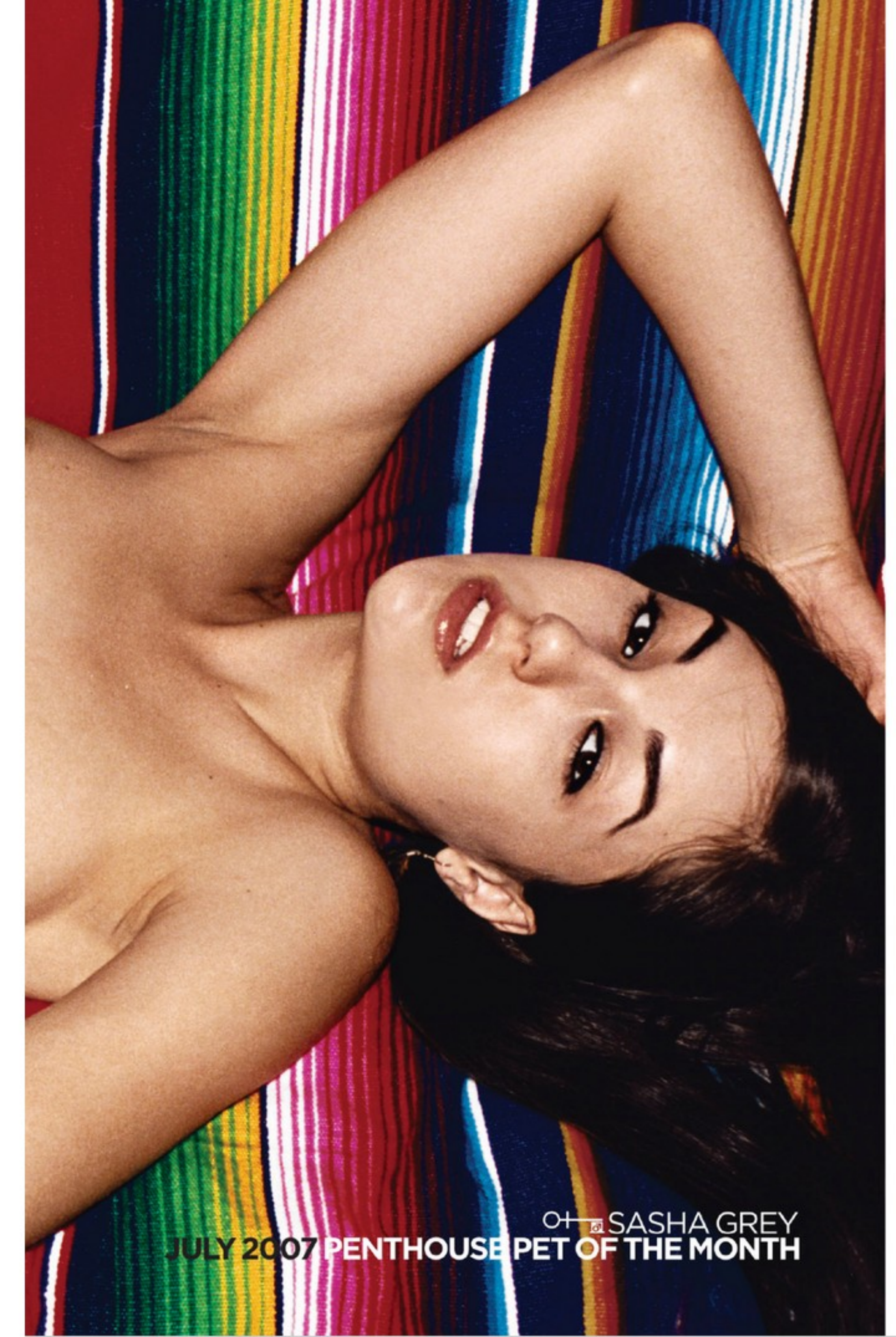
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF SASHA, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/SASHA.

Red stockings by True Hearts; shoes: vintage Gucci from Frock, New York City, contact Evan Ross, 212-594-5380; jean shorts: Atomic Passion; T-shirt and Converse: Atomic Passion, New York City; leather jacket: vintage Norma Kamali from Frock, New York City; sterling studded cuff: Made Her Think; blue leggings: American Apparel; hot pink sling: stylist's own

THE BIG RIP


SASHA GREY
JULY 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

JULY 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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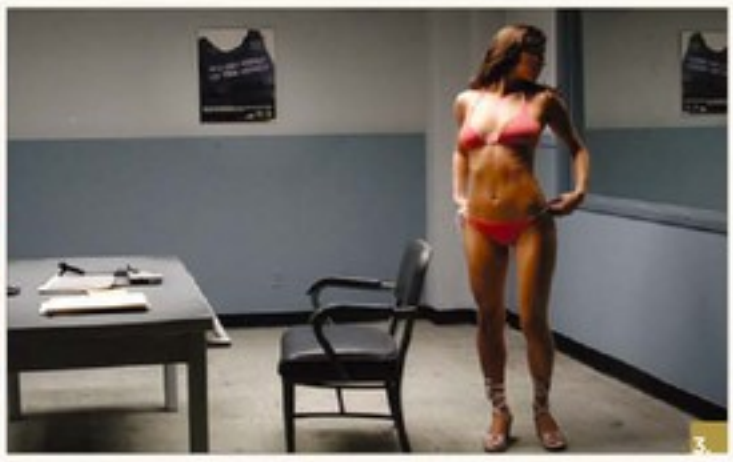
JULY 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

Meat Marketing

How much cleavage do you really need to see before you'll buy a pair of loafers? It depends on who you ask.



Pinup girls. Bowls of ripening fruit. Gushing champagne bottles. For advertisers, sexual suggestion is a reliable, time-honored way to move product. But what we want to know is, does it really work? Or does it merely get your attention? That depends on who you ask. We spoke with executives at Cliff Freeman, the advertising agency behind some sexy spots (including the *CSI: Miami* ad above), and behavioral psychologist Dr. Aline Zoldbrod. They had different opinions about the way male brains process the imagery in these hot ads.

1. AMERICAN APPAREL

The agency angle: "I would argue that AA's advertising is worse than those old Calvin Klein ads. It's clothes porn. [But] it stands out. Men think in sound bites. Just getting a male thinking about your brand is an enormous accomplishment."
The doctor says: "The pose is pornographic—inviting the viewer, in essence, to ravish the model. Check out the penis/bottle imagery. It probably catches men's attention on both a conscious and unconscious level."
We think: Clothes porn? This is like *porn* porn. Reminds us of the Polaroids we snapped of our college girlfriend.
Brand success: 5/5

2. PUMA

The agency angle: "You can use your imagination about where these shoes are kicked off, what's going on, and what you're not seeing. Give a notion of what's happening, but don't necessarily complete the chapter. It's all about sustaining attention, which leads to permission to push the envelope further next time."
The doctor says: "It doesn't appeal to your primitive brain. It takes analysis, visual examination, and thought to find the eroticism."
We think: Clever, but watching footwear do the nasty is never gonna put us in the mood to shop.
Brand success: 3/5

3. CBS'S *CSI: MIAMI*

The agency angle: "In terms of sexuality in advertising, the second a man has to stop using his brain, you've gone too far. How you go about the reveal is almost as important as the reveal. It's the idea that something more may happen. That's the way to get me stimulated to think more about what the product is."
The doctor says: "The bright bathing-suit top attracts attention. Men will be attracted because of the alluring woman with the beautiful breasts."
We think: We just love any ad that features a hot woman checking out her stuff in the mirror.
Brand success: 3/5

4. GO DADDY

The agency angle: "The girl is dumb and ditzy and her boobs are barely in her shirt. You almost feel like any guy could get that girl. Guys like to work a little bit. I don't know if this builds a brand."
The doctor says: "Sexy babes, ejaculatory and orgasmic imagery. I suspect they just want to up name recognition. It works on guys because you're linking pretty women and sex with the product."
We think: Television is magic.
Brand success: 1/5

NEWS

A Real Stiffy

Cultures have been honoring the dead since the caveman days, but the ancient Egyptians dealt most directly with sex in the afterlife. They buried their men with false penises and their women with fake nipples so the mummies could make sweet love in the privacy of their own tombs. But now, the Chinese are giving the Egyptians a run for their money by burning paper images of Viagra at the annual Qingming festival. It has long been a Chinese custom to burn fake money as an offering to deceased relatives, but in response to the contemporary infiltration of Western culture, cemeteries now sell flammable images of such items as condoms, cars, TVs, and, yes, the little blue pill.

Sexy Satellites

Thank God for the geeks at GoogleSightseeing.com, because we were running out of ways to waste the workday. The site is dedicated to the weird and wonderful sights on Google Earth—including bird's-eye imagery of naked people atop roofs and on beaches in the Netherlands. To assist you in your own satellite search, here are five of the world's top nude beaches.

1. **Montalivet** France
2. **Playa d'Es Cavallet** Spain
3. **Wreck Beach** Canada
4. **Swanbourne Beach** Australia
5. **Tulum Beach** Mexico

DEFINITION

Twat ('twät) *n.*

This slang term for vagina originated in the seventeenth century and is thought to be modified from the Old English term *thwat,* which is akin to the onomatopoeic Old Norse word *thveit,* meaning "forest clearing" or "slit." The first documented use of twat in its current usage is in an anonymous poem from 1660, "Vanity of Vanities." The poet wrote, "They talk't of his having a Cardinal's Hat, / They'd send him as soon an Old Nun's Twat."

STATISTIC

46% OF WOMEN

... regularly wander naked around the house, according to a recent online survey conducted by Shuc, a showerhead manufacturer. The British company discovered this tantalizing fact while querying 3,500 women about their bathroom behavior.

THEY SAID IT

"I have had lesbian experiences in the past. I won't say how many men I've had sex with—but I am a very sexual person."—*Black Eyed Pea/solo artist Fergie*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT) MICHAEL S. YAMASHITA/CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES

AMERICAN HARD CORE

A celebration of the rogues, rakes, and renegades who keep America beautiful

Photographs by Charlie Langella

"HARD CORE IS SOMEONE WHO REFUSES TO BACK DOWN, STANDS FOR GOODNESS, STANDS FOR DECENCY, STANDS FOR COMPASSION." —TED NUGENT, GUITARIST, POLITICAL ACTIVIST

"My strengths and weaknesses are the same. I've got the willingness and stupidity to try anything."

Travis Pastrana
Boy Wonder

23; MOTOCROSS KING; RALLY RACER; X GAMES LEGEND SINCE 1999

Core Values

ability to maneuver anything on two wheels; hard-charging, go-for-broke spirit; knack for contorting body with acrobatic precision while gripping 230 pounds of scorching steel; reckless disregard for self and the laws of physics, resulting in some 20 broken bones, nearly 20 knee surgeries, numerous concussions, and 12 X Games medals in four different motor sports

Highlight Reel

In 1999, a 15-year-old Pastrana capped his last freestyle run of X Games V by launching his yellow Suzuki into the San Francisco Bay. The stunt may have cost him $10,000 in prize money, but it earned him spots on Letterman and Leno. At last year's X Games, he became the first rider to land a double backflip in Moto X competition, then went on to win two more gold medals—one as a driver in the Games' first rally competition—and was Outstanding Athlete of the Games.

Confirm or Deny

"My strengths and weaknesses are the same. I've got the willingness and stupidity to try anything."

Backdrop

Pastrana got his first motorcycle when he was just four years old and turned pro at 14. He was promptly named freestyle's world champion. That same year, he suffered his first major crash (after jumping off a 120-foot ramp), which put him in a coma for two weeks and a wheelchair for three months. His mother and father are at every competition and can often be seen holding up a chalkboard that reads SLOW DOWN!

Parting Shot

"Progression comes with a price," Pastrana has said, referring to his roster of injuries. "But it's worth every minute of it."

—L. Christopher Smith

FX TV Network *Smart Smut*

13; CABLE NETWORK; PERENNIAL PARENTS TELEVISION COUNCIL NIGHTMARE

Core Values

unabashedly unwholesome TV; shows that don't merely push the envelope but rather rip the fucking thing in half, with antiheroes ranging from an alcoholic firefighter to modern-day grave robbers to sex-addicted plastic surgeons, plus a comedy about anorexics

Highlight Reel

In 2002, Michael Chiklis won an Emmy for *The Shield*—a cable-TV first. *Rescue Me* featured a marital-rape incident in 2006. But we're partial to that scene in *Dirt* in which Courteney Cox curls up in bed with a gossip rag and a vibrator.

Character Witness

They inspired the American Family Association to start the "Fed Up With FX" campaign in response to the network's "obscene and excessive displays of sex, violence, and profanity on basic cable."

Backdrop

Launched in 1994 with a lowercase *f*, the network started as an ambitious experiment in interactive cable—e-mails were answered on-air, and lucky viewers were invited to the "fX Apartment," their HQ in Manhattan. But the fledgling station's shows all fizzled, prompting a relaunch in 1997, this time with a slew of reruns like *The X Files* and *Married With Children* to help it stick.

FX hit its original-programming stride in 2002 with *The Shield*, which brought in three million viewers. *Rescue Me*, *Nip/Tuck*, and *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* soon followed, cementing the network's status as the go-to channel for smut, sacrilege, and intelligent depravity.

Parting Shot

"I hate listening to people's dreams. It's like flipping through a stack of photographs. If I'm not in any of them and nobody is having sex, I just don't care."—Dennis Reynolds (Glenn Howerton), *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*

—Kara Wahlgren

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) AP; OPPOSITE PAGE: RANKIN/ICON INTERNATIONAL

Jack White
Star and Stripe

31; WHITE STRIPES LEAD SINGER AND GUITARIST; COFOUNDER OF THE RACONTEURS; PRODUCER; GENTLEMAN

Core Values

indie-rock alpha male with timeless vision and a monster guitar; inhales punk, blues, country, folk, and new wave, exhales indelible music that's old and brand-new simultaneously

Highlight Reel

In 1999, he and Meg White released *The White Stripes*, a startlingly raw collection of blues, punk, and folk songs that Jack described as "really angry ... the most powerful and the most Detroit-sounding record we've made." Surrounded by blinged-out bozos, he tore the doors off the 2002 MTV Video Music Awards in a roaring three-song montage that would make Ryan Seacrest soil his Diesels. The Stripes' 2003 release, *Elephant*, served notice to the deepest recesses of the mainstream, scoring a Grammy for Best Alternative Music Album. And Bob Dylan has covered "Ball & Biscuit."

Character Witness

In a review of 2005's *Get Behind Me Satan*, *Rolling Stone*'s Rob Sheffield wrote, "If you happen to be a rock band, and you don't happen to be either of the White Stripes, it so sucks to be you right now."

Backdrop

White reintroduced Loretta Lynn by producing and playing on the haunting, gorgeous *Van Lear Rose*; crashed his Porsche while getting head from a movie star; and married a redheaded supermodel in a canoe on the Amazon, with ex-wife Meg as maid of honor. He cofounded the Raconteurs with Brendan Benson and other Detroit pals, and despite handing off many choice vocal and guitar parts, White was still the dominant talent in the year's most ass-kicking debut, blowing away just about everyone at Lollapalooza in Chicago. He also punched that Von Bondies guy in the face and released the White Stripes' remarkable sixth album, *Icky Thump* (see our review on page 26).

Parting Shot (from "Ball & Biscuit")

"It's quite possible that I'm your third man, girl / But it's a fact that I'm the seventh son / And right now you could care less about me / But soon enough you will care, by the time I'm done."—*Will Leitch*

"A HARD-CORE TYPE IS SOMEONE WHO'S FULLY IN CONTROL, AND DOESN'T CARE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK ABOUT HIM IN THE WAY HE DRESSES, CARRIES HIMSELF, SPEAKS, OR DOES ANYTHING IN HIS DAILY LIFE." —CLAUDIO REYNA, MIDFIELDER, NEW YORK RED BULLS

Brian Chontosh *Warrior*

32; CAPTAIN, U.S. MARINE CORPS (INFANTRY)

Core Values

extraordinary bravery in combat; rare hybrid of self-reliance and selflessness; during officer-training school, tutored struggling peers

Highlight Reel

Chontosh's Humvee-mounted platoon was ambushed during the 2003 invasion of Iraq. Under heavy machine-gun, rocket-propelled-grenade, and mortar fire, Chontosh directed his Humvee straight into the enemy fire. After his .50-caliber gunner silenced the Iraqi assault, he ran into the enemy trench, emptying his M16 and an AK-47 he'd picked up. He found another AK and spent that, then fired a discarded RPG into a last stronghold. In a matter of minutes, he killed at least 20 enemy combatants and wounded several more, single-handedly stopping the ambush. Chontosh became the first serviceman in the Iraq War to earn the Navy Cross, the nation's second-highest military honor.

Confirm or Deny

"Fuck yeah, I'm hard core. Show me someone who doesn't have confidence and courage ... and I'll show you someone who isn't trying hard enough or needs to get his ass whipped. I'm hard core because of the Marines. They make you a badass. They make you bring your A-game. They make you everything you are. Or they break you."

Backdrop

Chontosh grew up in Rochester, New York, and had a childhood he says was "typical: suburbs, sports, mischief, girls." It's the kind of place where heroism is served with a slice of humble pie. "The four enlisted Marines with me that day saved my life at least a dozen times in as many minutes. If it weren't for these men, I would be a case study of a jackass lieutenant and what *not* to do."

Parting Shot

"Weak people suck—weak mind, body, or spirit."
—Matt Ufford

Clint Dempsey *Lone Star*

24; MIDFIELDER, FULHAM FC OF THE ENGLISH PREMIER LEAGUE

Core Values

mad skills, toughness, and a work ethic that's carried him from a dusty trailer lot in Nacogdoches, Texas, to the World Cup; U.S. Soccer's 2006 Player of the Year; signed with Fulham in 2007 for a Major League Soccer–record $3 million transfer fee

Highlight Reel

Dempsey played two games of the 2004 MLS season with a broken jaw—"the only time it *didn't* hurt was when I was playing," he says. He missed a month after surgery on it, but still was named MLS Rookie of the Year. During the U.S.'s third game of the 2006 World Cup, Dempsey drilled a spectacular one-timer into the back of the Ghana goal, lifting the U.S. into a 1-1 tie (they ended up losing 2-1). He was the only U.S. player to score during the tournament.

Confirm or Deny

"I'm just someone who works hard for what they want out of life. Nothing was ever given to me. That might give me a little bit of a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude but, you know, life is tough, and you only got one."

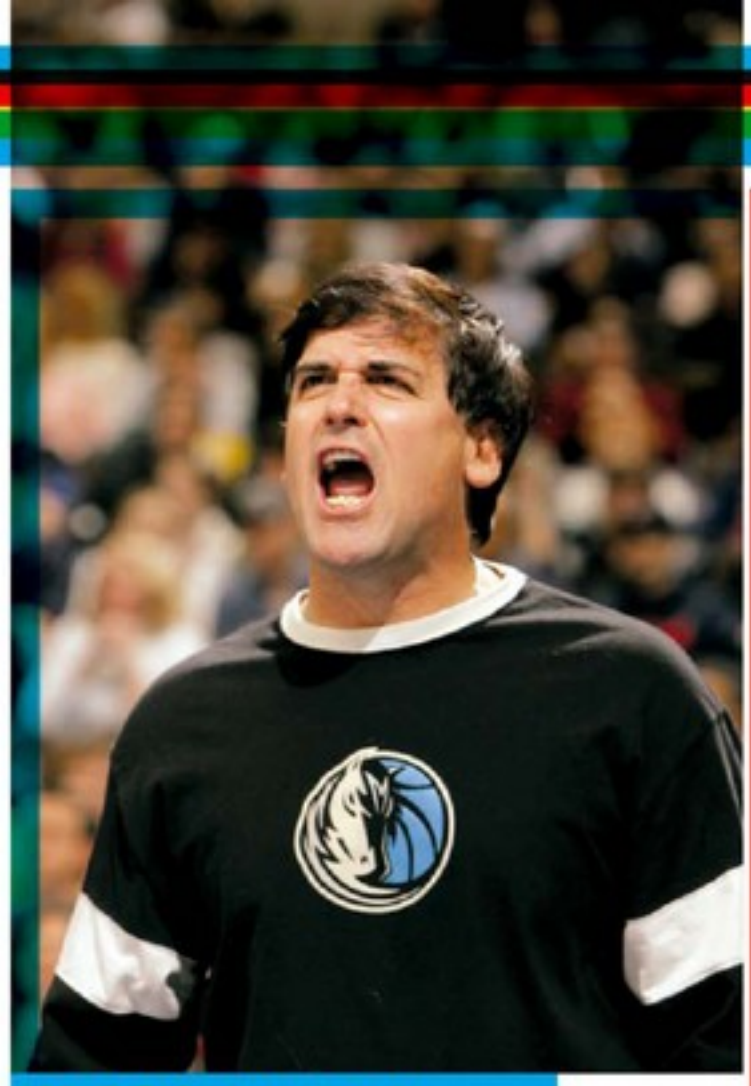
Backdrop

Dempsey is an ass-kicking antidote to the stereotype of U.S. soccer players as sheltered, minivan-riding suburbanites. He learned the game from his older brother, Ryan, and played in Mexican leagues in Nacogdoches. His parents drove him three hours each way to Dallas, where Dempsey trained twice a week with elite youth teams: "I was just lucky to have family who was so committed to helping me accomplish my dream." Eventually, Dempsey's mother dialed back Clint's soccer time so his sister, Jennifer, could focus on her emerging tennis talents. Just months later, 16-year-old Jennifer died of a brain aneurysm. "I was worn out," his brother Ryan has said. "But Clint would go out and practice twice as much. He wanted to do it in her name. He dedicated everything to her." After winning a soccer scholarship to Furman University in South Carolina, Dempsey was the eighth pick in the 2004 MLS draft, going to New England. When he stepped onto the field at the World Cup in Germany '06, he carried all his experiences with him. He claims he felt no pressure: "I was living my dream. I was going to go out there and leave it all on the field. And that kept me loose. You realize that this type of opportunity only comes—well, it hardly ever comes. All you can do is your best, try your hardest, and that's what I did."

Parting Shot

"Tomorrow's not guaranteed."
—John Bolster

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) AP; (BOTTOM) JOHN TODD/CORBIS. OPPOSITE PAGE: (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) CHRIS HATFIELD/ICONSMI, GETTY IMAGES, NO CREDIT



Mark Cuban *Maverick*

48; ENTREPRENEUR; DALLAS MAVERICKS OWNER; NBA AGITATOR; ÜBER-FAN

Core Values

billionaire power with an eye out for the little guy; willingness to speak his mind to league honchos, whatever the cost (he's racked up nearly $2 million in NBA fines, and matches each dollar with a donation to charity); obsessive desire to improve the fans' experience; answers fan e-mails at BlogMaverick.com; wears his emotions on his sleeve at every Mavs game

Highlight Reel

In 1995, Cuban and fellow Indiana University alum Todd Wagner wanted to figure out a way to listen to Hoosiers games through their computers. They created Broadcast.com and sold it to Yahoo! four years later for $5.7 billion. Cuban diversified in 2000, buying and revitalizing the Mavericks and becoming the most visible owner in sports. The Mavs are perennial contenders now.

In 2001, Cuban launched HDNet, a TV channel broadcasting entirely in high def. In 2003, he established the Fallen Patriot Fund to aid families of U.S. servicemen killed or injured in Iraq. Also that year, Cuban signed on to a scripted World Wrestling Entertainment sequence that involved him being dropped by six-foot-four, 245-pound Randy Orton's signature move, the "RKO." Let's see Sumner Redstone get up from that.

In 2005, he funded peer-to-peer file-sharing company Grokster's legal defense against MGM, and produced the Oscar-nominated *Good Night, and Good Luck.*

Confirm or Deny

"Think how many industries there are where people hate my guts," Cuban has said. "Basketball, movies, the sports media? Hey, that's a pretty good scorecard!"

Backdrop

Cuban grew up in a working-class suburb of Pittsburgh. As a middle-schooler, he sold hundred-packs of garbage bags for $6 each so he could buy basketball shoes. He owned and operated a bar in Bloomington, Indiana, while still in college. Later, he bought a Gulfstream V jet online for $40 million—the single biggest e-transaction of all time.

Parting Shot

"No balls, no babies." —*Kevin Hench*

Jesse Itzler *100-Mile Man*

39; BUSINESSMAN; PHILANTHROPIST; LAPSED RAPPER; SONGWRITER; THRILL-SEEKER

Core Values

unstoppable drive, restless spirit, endless endurance, brilliant marketing know-how

Highlight Reel

In November 2006, Itzler competed in the National 24-Hour Run Championship in Grapevine, Texas, running 100 miles and raising $1,021,250 for ten charities and matching the first $500,000 with his own money. Itzler endured hallucinations and a near physical breakdown around the 97-mile mark: "The course had a small hill. Maybe ten feet. But at that point, it looked like Everest." Afterward, he spent two days in a wheelchair and couldn't run for two months because his hips had taken such a pounding.

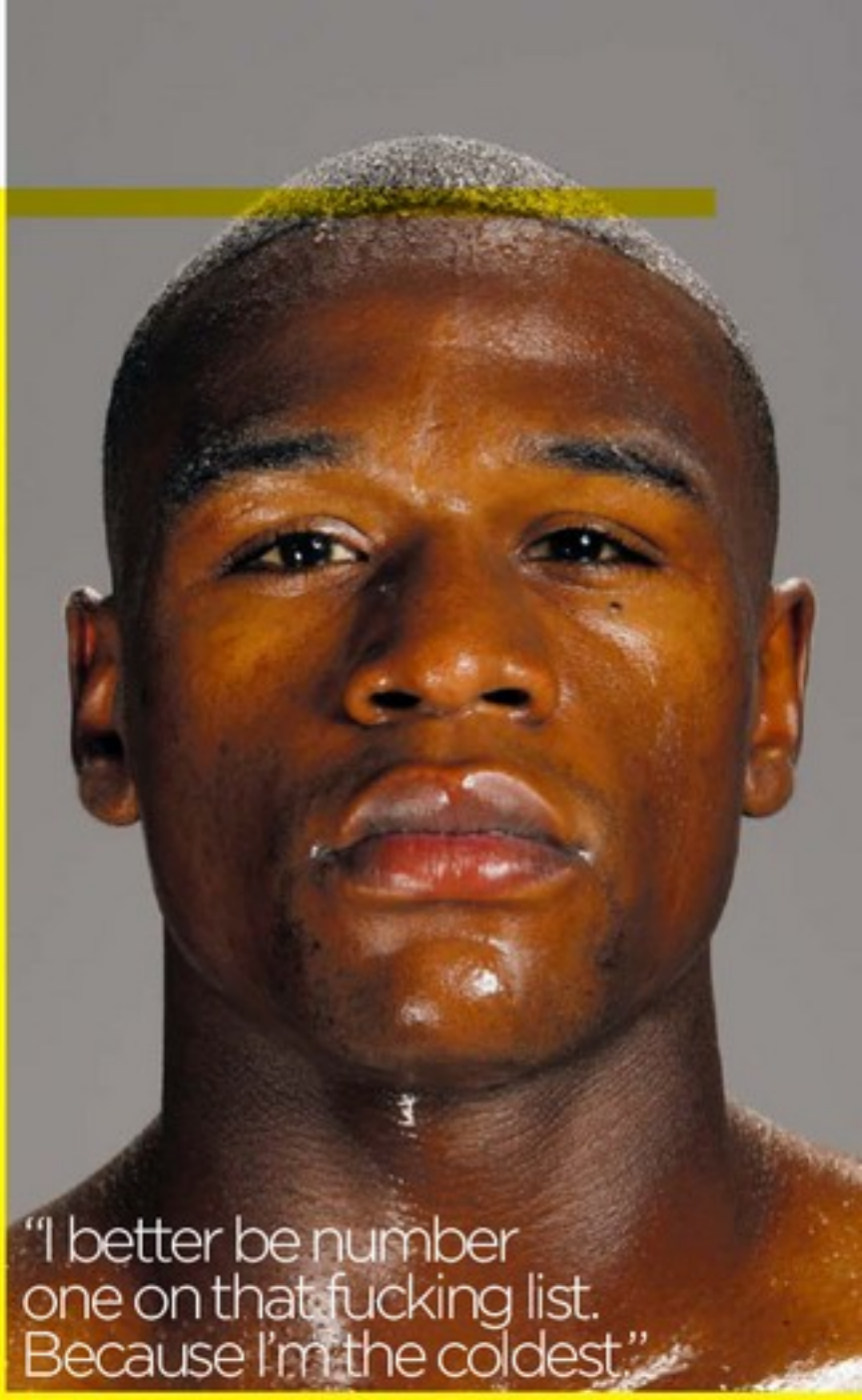
Before he cofounded a private-jet leasing company catering to athletes, actors, and other affluent clients, Itzler released a couple of hip-hop albums under the name Jesse Jaymes. One of his songs, "Shake It (Like a White Girl)," cracked the *Billboard* Hot 100 in 1991. He also wrote and produced the New York Knicks rally song "Go New York Go!" and won a Sports Emmy for his role in creating the NBA's "I Love This Game" campaign.

Confirm or Deny

"I'm very hard core. I would never tap out in a UFC fight. They'd break my arm."

Parting Shot

"Live much?" —*John Bolster*



"I better be number one on that fucking list. Because I'm the coldest."

Floyd Mayweather Jr. *Lord of the Ring*

30; BOXER; SUPERVILLAIN

Core Values

devastating right, lethal quickness, icy-veined calculation, balls-out work ethic; six titles in five weight classes; 38 wins, 24 knockouts, no losses

Highlight Reel

In January 2001, he decked four-time world champion Diego Corrales—who'd never once been knocked down—a total of five times before Corrales's corner threw in the towel. Four months later, Mayweather met future International Boxing Federation world junior lightweight champ Carlos Hernández after taking a Novocain shot for an injured hand. When he pounded Hernández with a left hook in round six, the pain was so intense that Mayweather dropped his left hand and touched the canvas. The referee ruled it a knockdown—the first of Mayweather's career. Ignoring the pain and the dubious knockdown, Mayweather returned to pummel Hernández with both hands, winning a unanimous decision. In May, in the biggest fight boxing has seen in years, Mayweather took out the sport's so-called Golden Boy, Oscar De La Hoya.

Confirm or Deny

"I better be number one on that fucking list," Mayweather says. "Because I'm the coldest."

Backdrop

As the ring rat in a rugged boxing family (his father and two uncles were pros), ten-year-old Mayweather used to drag a duffel bag that weighed more than he did two miles to a Grand Rapids, Michigan, boxing gym six days a week. "If they'd been open on Sundays I'da dragged it then, too," he says.

His father—who fought Sugar Ray Leonard in the 1970s and was serving time for drug trafficking when Floyd Jr. won a 1996 Olympic medal—has been his sometime manager and trainer, but also occasionally trained his opponents. The two have feuded for years.

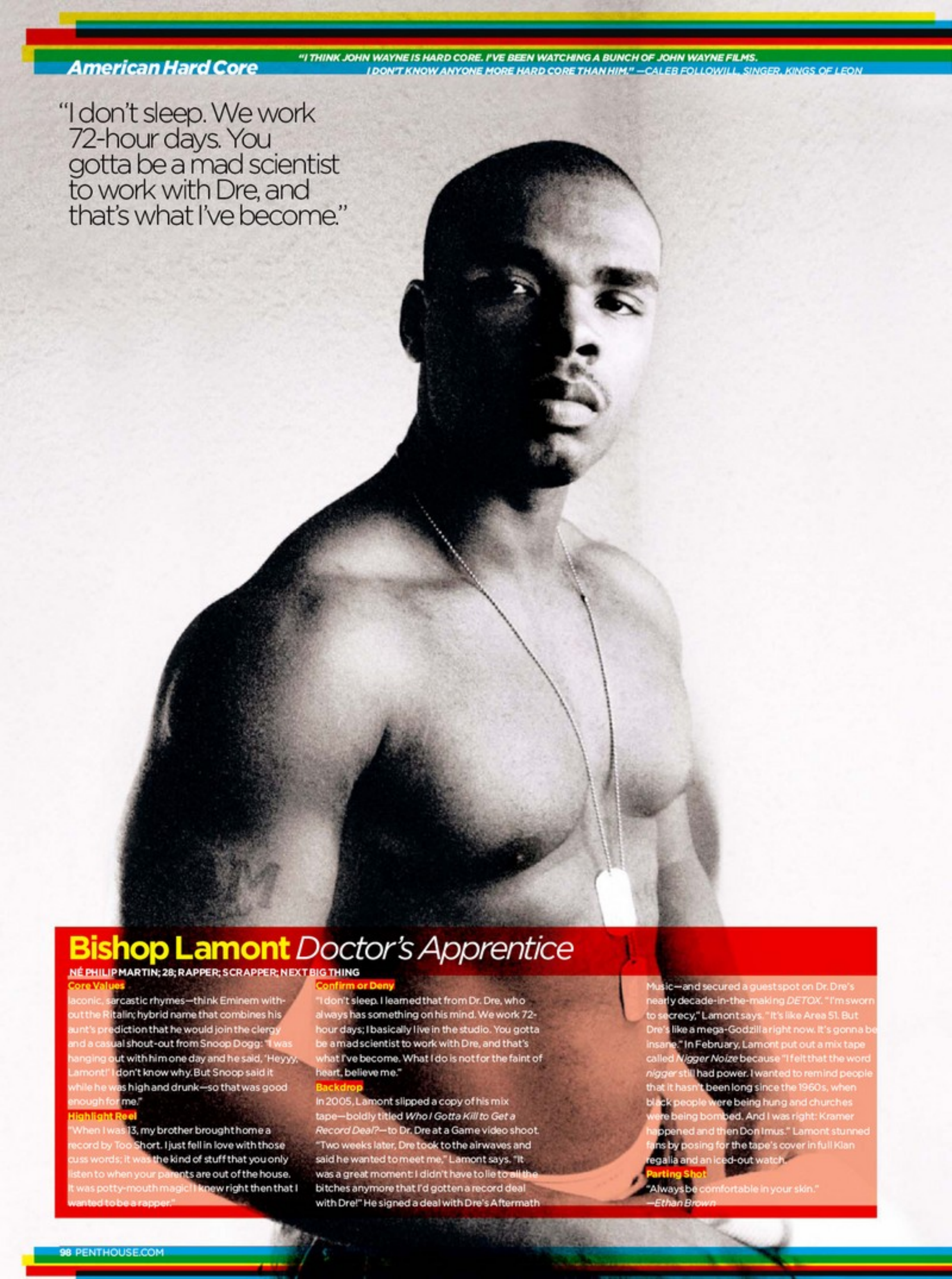
Mayweather's nickname is Pretty Boy—not for his looks, but for the way his face has remained unscathed—but he's always cast as the prefight villain. "I'm the only villain you know who can beat all the superheroes," he says.

Parting Shot

"What's done in the dark will always come to light." —*Dave Hollander*

"I THINK JOHN WAYNE IS HARD CORE. I'VE BEEN WATCHING A BUNCH OF JOHN WAYNE FILMS. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE MORE HARD CORE THAN HIM." —CALEB FOLLOWILL, SINGER, KINGS OF LEON

"I don't sleep. We work 72-hour days. You gotta be a mad scientist to work with Dre, and that's what I've become."



Bishop Lamont *Doctor's Apprentice*

NÉ PHILIP MARTIN; 28; RAPPER; SCRAPPER; NEXT BIG THING

Core Values

laconic, sarcastic rhymes—think Eminem without the Ritalin; hybrid name that combines his aunt's prediction that he would join the clergy and a casual shout-out from Snoop Dogg: "I was hanging out with him one day and he said, 'Heyyy, Lamont!' I don't know why. But Snoop said it while he was high and drunk—so that was good enough for me."

Highlight Reel

"When I was 13, my brother brought home a record by Too Short. I just fell in love with those cuss words; it was the kind of stuff that you only listen to when your parents are out of the house. It was potty-mouth magic! I knew right then that I wanted to be a rapper."

Confirm or Deny

"I don't sleep. I learned that from Dr. Dre, who always has something on his mind. We work 72-hour days; I basically live in the studio. You gotta be a mad scientist to work with Dre, and that's what I've become. What I do is not for the faint of heart, believe me."

Backdrop

In 2005, Lamont slipped a copy of his mix tape—boldly titled *Who I Gotta Kill to Get a Record Deal?*—to Dr. Dre at a Game video shoot. "Two weeks later, Dre took to the airwaves and said he wanted to meet me," Lamont says. "It was a great moment: I didn't have to lie to all the bitches anymore that I'd gotten a record deal with Dre!" He signed a deal with Dre's Aftermath Music—and secured a guest spot on Dr. Dre's nearly decade-in-the-making *DETOX*. "I'm sworn to secrecy," Lamont says. "It's like Area 51. But Dre's like a mega-Godzilla right now. It's gonna be insane." In February, Lamont put out a mix tape called *Nigger Noize* because "I felt that the word *nigger* still had power. I wanted to remind people that it hasn't been long since the 1960s, when black people were being hung and churches were being bombed. And I was right: Kramer happened and then Don Imus." Lamont stunned fans by posing for the tape's cover in full Klan regalia and an iced-out watch.

Parting Shot

"Always be comfortable in your skin."
—Ethan Brown

"HARD CORE IS SOMEONE WHO'S WILLING TO STAND UP AND SAY WHAT THEY ACTUALLY WANT TO SAY, IN SPITE OF PUBLIC OPINION, BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT THEY'RE RIGHT. TERENCE MCKENNA WOULD BE NO. 1 ON MY HARD-CORE LIST. HE WAS A PSYCHEDELIC ADVENTURER AND PHILOSOPHER WHO WROTE ALL THESE REALLY INTENSE BOOKS ABOUT PSYCHEDELIC COMPOUNDS AND THEIR EFFECT ON HUMAN EVOLUTION. HE'S ONE OF THE MORE INTERESTING AND BRAVE PEOPLE I'VE EVER COME ACROSS." —JOE ROGAN, COMIC, UFC COMMENTATOR

Slayer *Metallurgists*

DAVE LOMBARDO, 42, DRUMS; KERRY KING, 43, GUITARIST; JEFF HANNEMAN, 43, GUITARIST; TOM ARAYA, 46, BASS/VOCALS

Core Values

fastest, most intense band on the planet for a quarter-century; blitzkrieg guitar solos, explosive drums, scorching vocals, songs about evil; their rabid fans are known for carving the band's name into their flesh and torturing their opening acts. If Satan has an iPod, it's filled with Slayer.

Highlight Reel

The band's 1986 *Reign in Blood* is the greatest thrash-metal album ever, packing 12 fast, furious, yet crystal-clear songs into less than 30 minutes.

Confirm or Deny

"We are the kings of badass music," says King.

Backdrop

Formed on the fringes of L.A. in 1981, they toured behind their debut album, *Show No Mercy*, in 1983, hitching a trailer to Araya's Camaro. Their stage show included pyrotechnics and lighting rigs built with stolen floodlights. "We'd go by apartment complexes with big floodlights out front," King says with a laugh. "We'd wear work gloves because those bastards were hot."

Slayer's unholy trinity of albums from 1986 to '90 earned them millions of fiercely loyal fans-for-life. The band is still filling arenas and churning out titanium-strength riffs, including on their 2006 album *Christ Illusion*, which proves their assault has lost none of its speed—or venom.

Parting Shot

"Here in America, it seems like there's this gene that shuts off your need for metal when you hit a certain age," King says. "But I don't fucking have it." —*Jason Buhrmester*

Kirk Kerkorian *Corporate Raider*

90; ACTIVIST INVESTOR; PHILANTHROPIST; SHARK

Core Values

the 26th wealthiest American; largest individual shareholder of DaimlerChrysler; held same status at GM until late 2006, when he tired of attempting to reform the lagging behemoth and dumped millions of shares; iron will, creative financing arrangements, and stellar track record inspire other shareholders to vote with him, enabling him to exert outsize influence on management

Highlight Reel

Kerkorian parlayed his WWII fighter-pilot experience into postwar business, purchasing a charter service. Twenty-one years later, his initial $60,000 investment paid off to the tune of $104 million. Legend has it that during a spike in jet-fuel prices, Kerkorian took out a loan to buy some used planes, selling the fuel that was left in their tanks and paying off the loan with the proceeds. As one of the principal developers of Las Vegas, Kerkorian was largely responsible for the city's real-estate booms in the sixties and eighties; he still owns at least a third of the city's hotel rooms. Last April, he made a $4.5 billion bid for Chrysler (you can keep the Daimler, *danke schön*), telling workers they could have a share of ownership if they took a cut in their health benefits.

Confirm or Deny

Kerkorian doesn't do pithy quotes or speak to the press.

Backdrop

"Rifle Right" Kerkorian was a feared amateur boxer in Dust Bowl–era California. When World War II broke out, he decided that what he really wanted to do was drop bombs on Hitler, so he joined the British Royal Air Force and flew sorties over the Atlantic. He has given away more than $100 million to charity, but does so quietly: Kerkorian won't let anything be named after him. —*Paul Tullis*

Justin McBride *Bull Dog*

27; BULL RIDER; HARD-ASS

Core Values

a balls-out approach to a sport that invites dismemberment on every ride; remarkably high threshold for pain; world champion in 2005

Highlight Reel

McBride was a great rider from the moment he turned pro, but sealed his legendary status when he competed in every round of the 2003 world championships with broken ribs and a punctured lung. He didn't have a chance of winning, but that wasn't the point—he finished.

Confirm or Deny

"The meaning behind this buckle—I am the best in the world at what I do."

Backdrop

A natural-born cowboy from rural Nebraska, he was calf riding at three, then riding eight bulls a day by age 11. "Now you see little kids starting out and they put helmets on," McBride says. "It's not my bag." As a pro, he quickly became known as a competitor who rode hurt. "I really haven't broken that many bones," he says, then reconsiders. "Well, yeah, I have. But I haven't broken anything on *this* leg [*grabs left leg*] yet.

Parting Shot

"It hurts, but riding ain't gonna make it hurt any worse." —*Dave Hollander*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) JOSH ROTHSTEIN, AP, TOM MIHALEK/POLARIS

"HARD CORE IS THE TRUTH. LIKE JOHN LENNON SAID, 'GIVE ME SOME TRUTH.' IT'S HARD CORE TO BE HONEST, TO GO AGAINST WHAT PEOPLE WANT FROM YOU, AND TO BE TRUE TO WHAT YOU FEEL."—ASIA ARGENTO, ACTRESS, DIRECTOR

Angelina Jolie
The (Good) Bad Girl

32; ACTRESS; PHILANTHROPIST; TEMPTRESS

Core Values
exceptionally lethal combination of sex appeal and artistic credibility; crazy legs, supernaturally luscious lips, unshakable poise; won the 1999 Oscar for Best Actress in a Supporting Role (*Girl, Interrupted*); flies her own plane (barefoot, no less); crusader for abandoned, forlorn, and forgotten peoples the world over; gives loads to worthy causes (at least $10 million); moved herself and her four children to New Orleans, the flood-damaged murder capital of the U.S.

Highlight Reel
While shooting *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* in Cambodia, Jolie came across a book about the U.N., learned that there are more than 20 million displaced people worldwide, and thought, *How the fuck is that possible?* Then she called the U.N. and got involved. She is currently a Goodwill Ambassador for the U.N. refugee agency. In 2005, after two previous marriages, she made a family man out of Brad Pitt, who was married when she met him while working on *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*.

Confirm or Deny
"I have a purpose. Do something. Get fucking angry about something you believe in and fight for it."

Backdrop
Her parents, actors Jon Voight and the late Marcheline Bertrand, separated when she was six months old; Jolie went to Beverly Hills High School, graduating a year and a half early. She started cutting herself and her boyfriend at 14 and was living on her own at 16. Jolie married actor Jonny Lee Miller when she was 21, wearing traditional white—with his name written in her blood on her blouse. She wore second husband Billy Bob Thornton's blood in a vial around her neck.

Parting Shot
"If you make $10 million, you can give away $5 million and not miss it."—*Paul Tullis*

Belladonna
Big Bang

26; PORN ACTRESS AND DIRECTOR, EROTIC ENTREPRENEUR; WIFE AND MOTHER

Core Values
the perfect combination of wide-eyed innocence and sexual bravado, performing double anal, deep-throat fellatio, and dominant dyke scenes with equal gusto

Highlight Reel
Her tour de force performance in the 2003 flick *The Fashionistas* (Evil Angel), for which she won or shared four *Adult Video News* awards: Best All-Girl Sex Scene, Best Oral Sex Scene, Best Supporting Actress, and Best Tease Performance. Her romp with Rocco Siffredi in the disc's finale is a classic.

Confirm or Deny
"I consider myself very hard core. I engage in extreme sexual acts, and I'm always pushing the limits of sexuality."

Backdrop
Belladonna was born in Biloxi but grew up with seven siblings in a strict Mormon family in Salt Lake City. At 18, she ditched Utah for Los Angeles and launched her career.

Parting Shot
"Don't give yourself boundaries."
—*Eric Danville*

"I consider myself very hard core. I'm always pushing the limits of sexuality."

Joseph Gordon-Levitt
Drama King

26; ACTOR; IVY LEAGUER; OUTSIDER; TOMORROW'S LEADING MAN

Core Values
witty, career-making performance as *3rd Rock From the Sun*'s teen alien; shed childhood stardom for the damaged-adult roles of art-house noir; enigmatic, self-effacing, liberated, elegant; portrays tragic characters that ensure he doesn't get offered up as *Us Weekly* catnip

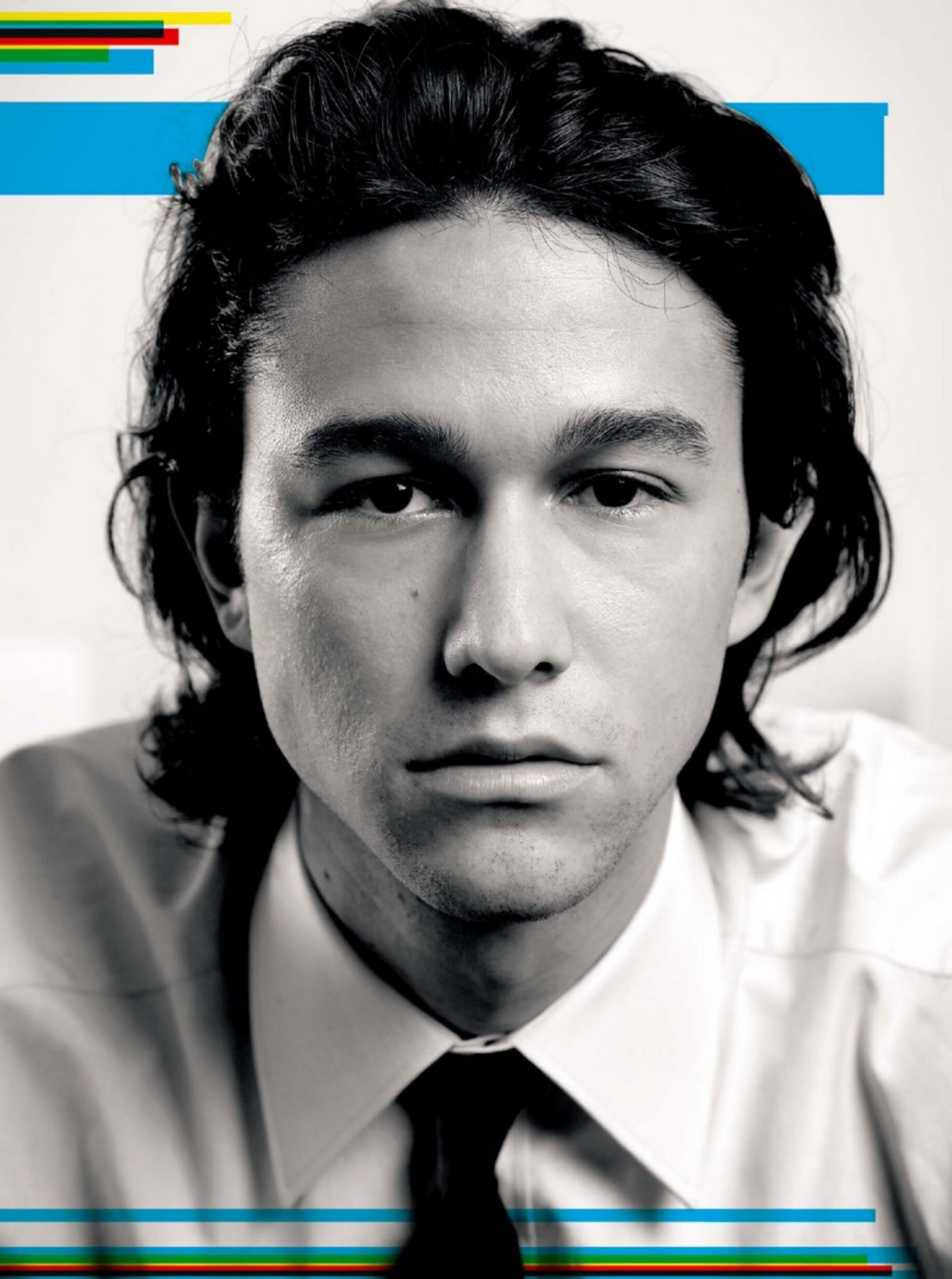
Highlight Reel
His first role after graduating from Columbia University was as a sexually abused teen hustler in the cult flick *Mysterious Skin*, where he struts and fucks like a wounded hooker twice his age. In *The Lookout*, he plays a brain-damaged rich kid-turned-janitor who's seduced into a bank heist. This summer he plays a psychopathic killer alongside Mickey Rourke in *Killshot* and a soldier in *Stop-Loss* with Ryan Phillippe, laying the foundation for what promises to be a long and impressive career.

Character Witness
"Joe was the least interested in anything other than what happened between 'action' and 'cut,'" his *Lookout* costar Jeff Daniels has said. "He had no entourage, and I never saw him on a cell discussing his career with a publicist. If he wasn't acting the character, he was thinking about him."

Parting Shot
"There seems to be a notion in Hollywood that if you want to make money, you have to sacrifice doing good work with integrity. And I think that's bullshit. It's what people say who are scared that they can't do good work."
—*Raegan Johnson*

"Joe was the least interested in anything other than what happened between 'action' and 'cut.'"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) GETTY IMAGES, (BOTTOM) COURTESY OF EVIL ANGEL. OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY NICOLAS GUERIN/CORBIS



"I'd be like, 'That guy didn't want to fight you, but I will. If I drop you, I'll wait till you get up. And if you want to fight again, I'll be over there. Come get me in about 20 minutes.'"

Chuck Liddell *Gladiator*

37; MIXED-MARTIAL-ARTS FIGHTER; TOUGH GUY

Core Values

incredibly heavy hands, devastating overhand right; superb balance and strength; vastly underrated wrestling and grappling skills; unshakable work ethic. UFC champion since 2005; winningest UFC fighter of all time, with a 20-3-0 record (13 KOs, one submission, six decisions); nicknamed "the Iceman"

Highlight Reel

In 2005, Liddell knocked out the legendary Randy Couture, capturing the UFC light heavyweight title. "That was my biggest night," he says. "My biggest and most satisfying win." He KO'd Couture again in 2006, and floored Tito Ortiz months later. Liddell's breakthrough moment in the UFC came in 2002, when he won a bruising unanimous decision over Vitor "the Phenom" Belfort.

Confirm or Deny

"I think it comes from my work ethic more than anything. I'm just trying to be a good representative for the sport."

Backdrop

Liddell's father bolted when Chuck was three, leaving him with his mother and grandparents in Santa Barbara, California. "One of his other kids tried to get me to meet my father shortly after I started fighting on TV," he says. "I just had no interest in it. I was 28 at the time, so I figured he was about 25 years too late."

He got his start street fighting in college, where he wrestled for four years and picked up freelance brawls on weekends. "A lot of times a guy would want to fight someone who didn't want to fight him," he says. "So I'd be like, 'That guy didn't want to fight you, but I will.' But I think the reason I stayed out of trouble during that time was because I was like, 'If you want to fight me, I'll fight you. If I drop you, I'll stand there and wait till you get up. I'm not going to jump on top of you and hurt ya. And if you want to fight again, I'll be over there. Come get me in about 20 minutes.'"

Parting Shot

"I never regret the past. You just move on and keep training and keep fighting."—*Hikari Takano*

"HARD CORE IS SOMEONE WHO CAN COMMAND HIS AUDIENCE THROUGH RESPECT, NOT INTIMIDATION!"
—VINNIE PAUL, DRUMMER, PANTERA AND HELLYEAH

Rahm Emanuel *Beltway Brawler*

47; U.S. CONGRESSMAN; TENACIOUS DEM

Core Values

fierce competitive streak, savvy legislative ability, legendary fund-raising skills; motivator, leader, holder of grudges, buster of balls; pit-bull mentality in a dancer's body (he's an Evanston School of Ballet alum); nicknamed Rahmbo

Highlight Reel

Emanuel proved he could make donors give until it hurt by raising a then-unheard-of $7 million for Chicago Mayor Richard M. Daley's campaign in 1989. At a celebration dinner the night after Bill Clinton was elected in 1992, Emanuel forged his legend by plunging a knife into a table for emphasis as he shouted, "Dead!" to punctuate each name from a list of people he deemed betrayers. As a Clinton staffer, Emanuel took on the NRA, getting the assault-weapons ban passed in 1994.

As Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee chairman for the 2006 midterm elections, Emanuel orchestrated victories in 22 races against incumbent Republicans and nine more in races for open seats that had been held by Republicans—all while keeping lefty liability Howard Dean in check. The GOP, meanwhile, did not win a single seat held by a Democrat. If you're scoring at home, that's a 31-0 ass-kicking.

Character Witness

As fellow Clinton veteran Paul Begala explained, "He's got this big old pair of brass balls, and you can just hear 'em clanking when he walks down the halls of Congress."

Backdrop

Emanuel was a civilian volunteer during the first Gulf War, working on tanks in Israel near the Lebanese border. He is the second of four kids born to socially progressive parents in Chicago. His older brother Ezekiel is an oncologist; younger bro Ari is the Hollywood agent who inspired Jeremy Piven's character on *Entourage*. Rahm is said to be the model for Bradley Whitford's *West Wing* character.

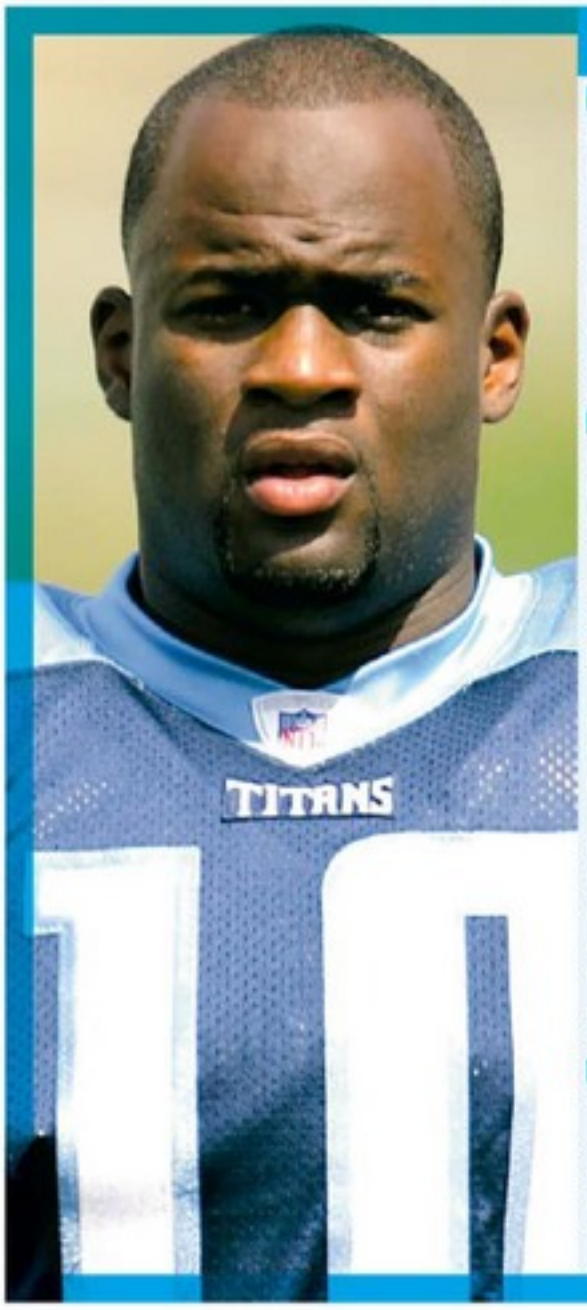
Parting Shot

"Let no attack go unanswered."
—Kevin Hench

Hard-Core Hall of Fame

Exceptional badasses through the ages

- General George S. Patton
- James Cagney
- Poppa Neutrino
- Traci Lords
- Jack LaLanne
- Iggy Pop
- Genghis Khan
- Laird Hamilton
- Ernest Shackleton
- Spartacus
- James Brown
- John Brown
- Nat Turner
- Buford Pusser
- Audie Murphy
- Raoul Wallenberg
- Shaka, king of the Zulus
- Teddy Roosevelt
- Paul Robeson
- Joan of Arc
- Joan Jett
- Jim MacLaren
- Jim Brown
- Andrew Jackson
- Sitting Bull
- Harry Crews
- Stonewall Jackson
- Saladin
- Richard Feynman
- Charlemagne
- Jerry Rice
- Lemmy Kilmister
- Malcolm X
- W. C. Fields



Vince Young *Quarterback 2.0*

24; TENNESSEE TITAN; GAMEBREAKER

Core Values

rocket arm, lightning-quick release, rare athleticism in a six-foot-five frame; a genuine dual-threat QB who can beat defenses with his arm or his legs, and may revolutionize the quarterback position; uncanny ability to silence critics with game-changing plays

Highlight Reel

In the 2006 Rose Bowl, Young led Texas over heavily favored USC, a team with two Heisman Trophy winners and a 34-game winning streak. Young topped 200 yards in both running and passing and dethroned the Trojans with a 20-yard TD run, rambling untouched through the defense to seal his team's BCS Championship win.

In 2006, playing against the Houston Texans—his hometown team, which had passed on drafting him even after he expressed his desire to play for them—Young won the game in overtime with a dazzling 39-yard touchdown run.

Character Witness

"He had one run in that game where we missed him 13 times," said Oklahoma defensive coordinator Brent Venables. "We counted. We had three guys miss him twice."

Backdrop

After a bike accident when he was seven, Young had a handlebar surgically removed from his stomach. When he was a teen, he ran with a rough crowd—and even had a few gunshots aimed his way—until his mom laid down the law. "She told me I'd end up dead or in jail," Young has said. In college, he was widely regarded as a great athlete, but not a quarterback. Even after his star-making performance in the Rose Bowl, scouts, scribes, and sports-radio screamers questioned his game. Young endured it with his mouth shut and his composure intact. When Tennessee struggled to an 0-3 start, Young was named the starting QB, rallying the Titans to an 8-8 finish and winning Offensive Rookie of the Year—only the third quarterback to win the award in its 39-year history. He also earned his very own "Vince Young Day" in Houston, and now stands poised to put the entire NFL in a headlock.

Parting Shot

"I'm always going to be me. You're going to deal with it, or don't be around me."
—Will Leitch

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BOTTOM) GETTY IMAGES, (TOP) NINA BERMAN/REDUX. OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAQUIN PALTING/CORBIS OUTLINE

Tila Tequila *MySpace Cadet*

By Chauncé Hayden

Don't think for a second that Tila Tequila is *trying* to be hard core. That shit just comes naturally to the 25-year-old beauty who is converting her huge cyber popularity into real-world stardom. At press time, she had more than 1.8 million MySpace friends and legions of off-line fans as well.

Tila Nguyen began her ascent from her tough teen years in Houston at 18, when she was discovered by a photographer and began modeling. In 2003, Tila was a contestant on the VH1 reality show *Surviving Nugent,* before hosting the Fuse TV dance show *Pants-Off Dance-Off*.

She's still forging her own way, releasing her debut single, "I Love U," without the help or confines of a record label, and even occasionally biting the hand that feeds her. In March, she bashed MySpace over its restrictions on third-party music players. *Penthouse* recently caught up with Tila Tequila to discuss her wild past, her anger management, and her current desire to rock the world off its hinges.

What's the worst thing you've ever done?

I went to jail twice when I was 13. I once stole a car and drove it into the water to cover up the crime.

We can never get enough good female-prison stories. So what was jail like?

Scary. The first time I went to jail, my parents came and got me. The second time they just kind of left me there to teach me a lesson. Let me tell you, they don't treat you very nice in there.

When was the last time you gave someone a beat-down?

A couple of months ago. For calling me a stripper. I smashed her head in.

Are you always so confrontational?

It's not like I wake up in the morning and curse out the gardener and stuff. But because I've been doing everything on my own with no fake packaging, what you see is what you get. It's not like somebody is telling me how to act on TV. It's just me being myself.

Allow us to play psychologist for a moment. Are you putting on this exterior to hide the fact that you feel lonely and unloved?

[*Yelling*] I'm not trying to be hard core! My whole message is about love. If I were really trying to be hard core I would be bragging about it, like Avril Lavigne. When she first came out, she bragged about what a punk she is and she would flick off every photographer. But she's just a poseur who tried too hard.

You boast having 1.5 million friends on MySpace.

It's up to 1.8 now! To be honest, I don't think that highly of myself. The media says I'm beautiful, but I never saw myself that way or put it out there like that. Trust me, there are way more beautiful girls out there, but they don't have a personality.

You also seem to have a lot of enemies. What inspires so many people to post terrible things about you on your MySpace page?

I keep reading that I'm a liar and I have to suck dick to get where I am—all kinds of bullshit like that. I don't even know who these people are. I think they just sense how ambitious I am and they see that as a threat.

How would you describe your musical style?

I'd call it aggressive pop music. I like to call it "gangsta pop."

You've released a single without the help of a label. Is it difficult to make it as a recording artist without the help of a big label?

Record labels have shown interest in me and

"I don't party that much. But when I do go out, I go all out. I like drinking lots of champagne and finding hot guys and girls to make out with."

"I take a hammer and I smash them in the head, or I'll run them over with my car. Once you cross the line, you're not a fan. You become a psycho."

have offered me deals. But I want to do it myself. I don't need some big scary corporation telling me how to look, what I'm going to sing, and when I'm going to put it out there.

We suspect that most people in the music industry don't take you seriously. Would you agree?

Absolutely. In the beginning, you may not respect me because of what I look like. But when you see how I did it all myself, you'll change your opinion. If I signed a record deal, I think I would get less respect. I would just be some girl with a big following on the Internet who got signed only for that reason.

You live in Hollywood, so it's no surprise that you've been spotted partying late into the morning. But just how often and how hard do you indulge?

I don't party that much. But when I do go out, I go all out. I like drinking lots of champagne and finding hot guys and girls to make out with.

Ever make out with Paris Hilton or Lindsay Lohan?

I'd rather not be seen with that crowd. It's hard enough being taken seriously. So I stay as far away as I can from that scene.

You've dated both men and women. Any preference?

It's strictly dicks for me, at least for now.

You were once in a three-way relationship with two women. What was that like?

It was fun and crazy. I was just experimenting. But to be honest, I don't like being in a relationship with women. It's too much work. They're very emotional and I don't have time for that. I don't need some girl calling me every day.

Something tells us that when it comes to sex, you like it wild.

I'm pretty wild. I definitely scare most guys. They don't seem to be able to handle me.

What is that supposed to mean?

I'm a Scorpio. I know exactly what I want in bed—and if you don't know what you're doing, I'll definitely help you.

We bet you've had your share of obsessed fans. How do you deal?

I take a hammer and I smash them in the head, or I'll run them over with my car. Once you cross the line, you're not a fan. If you become a psycho who puts my life in danger, that's when you get a fucking pounding!

It was reported that you and actor Jared Leto had a three-year affair.

That story was exaggerated. They said that we would have sex in his recording studio and that wasn't true. Our friendship was very private and the media just blew the whole thing out of proportion.

Isn't your song "I Love U" about him?

No. I have a lot of guy friends with crazy girlfriends who are jealous of me. The things I wrote in the song are exactly the things that these girls are telling them. They want to know who the fuck is this bitch in their boyfriend's top-ten MySpace friends.

You recently made a movie with Adam Sandler. What did you think of him?

I have a scene in *I Now Pronounce You Chuck and Larry* with Adam. It comes out this summer. He was the nicest famous guy I ever met. He actually takes the time to talk to everyone, makes jokes, and makes sure they all feel comfortable.

At the end of the day, what do you hope comes out of your popularity?

My whole life is about music. I just want to be respected and hopefully take Madonna's place, because let's face it—she's getting really old. O

STYLIST: DARIUS BAPTIST
MAKEUP: KIM BOWER
HAIR: SEIJI YAMADER

STARS & STRIPES LEATHER BIKINI (ALSO SHOWN ON COVER), LEATHER FRINGED BIKINI, AND CROCODILE BELT: LOST ART; STERLING CHARM BRACELET: AGATHA; GOLD-AND-DIAMOND EARRINGS: BVLGARI; STRAW COWBOY HAT: STETSON; GUN AND HOLSTER: MY COSTUME

sand blast

Twenty-one-year-old Tina Blondinas is daring, adventurous, and just as in touch with her feminine side as with her inner tomboy. This Lithuanian Londoner obviously knows how to handle hard wood.

Photographs by Mark Eilbeck

"I do aerobics in a ladies' class to stay in shape, but what I really love are non-girly sports like kickboxing-style combat and target shooting."

"I like to vacation on cruises because they're romantic, but I'm dying to go on a safari in Africa—and not one of those posh safaris, either. I like to rough it."

"My tastes about sex are diverse, too. It's great to have luxurious sheets and candlelight, but trust me, you can have a lot of fun behind a filing cabinet at the office."

Tina

Tina

"I'm still waiting to get into the Mile-High Club. Last time I flew, I couldn't wait till we were on the plane! I dragged my boyfriend into a baby-care room at the airport."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
TO SEE MORE OF TINA, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/TINA.

Happy Hours

Why do bartenders seem to have endless patience for drunken guys telling their life stories? Is it the tips, the talk, or that cute waitress who can't wait for last call?

Photograph by Nick Ferrari

It happens all the time. A hot girl will be sitting at the bar, and dude after dude will come up and hit on her. They're all douchebags, so she starts up a conversation with me, the bartender, to ensure that she'll be left alone. It works—the guys back off and she thinks she's safe. After all, I'm a professional.

While I'm working, I talk to her without hitting on her. After a while, she thinks she's connecting with me. The alcohol she's been drinking helps me look more attractive, and she begins wondering why I'm *not* coming on to her. Before you know it, *she's* coming on to *me*. The key is to make her think hooking up was all her idea. She waits around until the bar closes and then, after the last customer has left, I make my move. If things go well, we end up fucking at her place. Or, if she has some guy waiting at home, I'll get a blowjob behind the bar. Either way, I can't lose.

Some women get turned on by older guys; others are attracted to married men or hot studs. I've been surprised—happily surprised—to find out that lots of girls get turned on by bartenders. One time I got a side gig at a political fund-raiser in New York City—one of those events that costs the partygoers something like two grand a seat. Everyone was real stuffy and pompous, so it was refreshing when out of the blue I saw this gorgeous chick. She was dressed like the rest of them, but when she came up and ordered a drink I knew she was different. She looked me right in the eye and smiled when I made a joke about the speeches. She was an attorney with a high-powered firm and hated coming to stuff like this, but had to because one of her important clients had a table.

Anyway, we started talking and she began laughing harder as I made fun of the stiffs who were coming up to order their Grey Goose martinis. After the dinner and speeches were finally over, she came back, not caring who saw her fraternizing with "the help." She was one of the last people left at the party, and I was debating whether or not I should ask for her number. She seemed kind of out of my league and I chickened out, thinking about how I would be kicking myself in the ass later.

After the guests were gone, a few workers stayed behind to clean up. I set about putting the leftover booze in the stockroom and nearly jumped out of my skin when I turned around and saw the hot attorney. Neither of us said a word. I just pulled her into the room, closed the door behind us, and fucked her right there against the wall. It was incredible.

We got together a couple of times after that, knowing it wasn't going to last—our worlds were just too different—but that first night was definitely one of the best of my life.

One of the nicest perks of being a bartender, I've discovered, is *female* bartenders. On my nights off, I sometimes like to hang out at a crowded bar where customers are hitting on the hot

One night this hot waitress whispered that she'd had a dream that I'd fucked her right there on the bar. I could hardly concentrate as she kept coming back with more orders, knowing what she was doing to me.

bartender all night. I watch, order my drinks, and never make a move—but somewhere along the line, I make sure to tell her I am a bartender as well. Then we talk shop, and if things go well, I make a connection as we joke about the loaded losers coming on to her. I usually end up with her number by the end of the night. (Of course, I always tip her *very* well!)

One night I was out with one of my buddies and the bartender was a gorgeous blonde. Like every other dude at the bar, my friend was trying to hook up with her. But she kept smiling politely and telling him, like she told the others, that she was married. I could tell by her body language that she was lying. (That's the oldest trick in the book—it prevents customers from feeling rejected and keeps the tips coming.)

When my friend realized he wasn't getting anywhere, he split. I stuck around until the crowd had died down, then casually asked what her husband's name was. She hesitated, trying to think of a name, and I smiled. She knew I had caught her and I told her how, as a bartender myself, I had used the same ploy. She laughed, we talked, and she took me to an after-party—and finally, back to her place. I didn't get home till eight in the morning.

Basically, the best place to bartend is in a good restaurant. People who go to classy places always tip well, but the real benefit for me is waitresses. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that waitresses love to hook up with bartenders. I think it's because you are busy working together all night but never have a chance to really talk. You're both rushing around, dealing with the same kind of assholes, so you have something in common right off the bat. Before you know it, she is getting all close to you behind the bar when she orders drinks for her table or leaning in to whisper something funny about a customer.

There was this one waitress who was really wild. She had long red hair and wore tight, sexy black jeans and a men's white shirt with most of the buttons undone. She'd grab my waist as she walked past me behind the bar, or bend over in front of me so her thong would be exposed, knowing I would salivate over it. It got to the point where every time she was near me, I'd get a hard-on.

One night when she was waiting for an order, she leaned over and whispered in my ear that she'd had a dream that I'd fucked her right there on the bar. I could hardly concentrate as she kept coming back with more orders, knowing full well what she was doing to me.

After an hour or so, I had to go to the supply room to get some cocktail napkins—and she was there looking for something as well. We began pawing at each other and making out crazily before she insisted we get back to work. I promised to make her dream come true later.

I went back to the customers, wondering if there was lipstick smeared on my face and wanting to scream at the top of my lungs, "Everybody get the fuck out!" Instead, I kept mixing drinks and tried not to make it obvious how much I wanted to ravage the waitress every time she came within ten feet of me.

When we finally closed for the night, the whole crew was supposed to stay and decorate for a party the next day. The waitress and I told everyone that we could do it on our own, trying to be casual about it—we didn't want anyone to think we were trying to get rid of them. But we didn't have to pretend too much—people couldn't wait to go home.

After I locked the door, I turned around and saw her standing on the bar hanging some paper streamers, knowing exactly what was about to happen. I pulled her down to kiss her, and just like in her dream, we ended up doing it right there on the bar. I still can't believe it happened—and as long as I worked at that restaurant, even after she moved on, I could never look at the bar without thinking of what we did on it.

As I said, being a bartender is a great job. And going to work is *so* much better when you know you'll get to bone a hot waitress at the end of the night.

The fake book vol. IV

How to seem like a better person without actually doing anything

By Amir Blumenfeld, Ethan Trex, and Neel Shah
Photograph by Nick Ferrari

RESTAURANT ETIQUETTE

Your normal manners will work fine when you're eating at a Wendy's, Denny's, or anywhere else ending with *y's*, but when you go to a fancy restaurant, it's time to break out what you learned in those etiquette classes. What? You didn't take etiquette classes? Shit, this is bad. This is real bad. Okay, calm down.... We'll figure out something. Just breathe. We're going to get you through this.

The most important thing to remember about table manners in a fancy setting is that they're mostly a combination of rules you already follow and common courtesy. Some parts are tricky, but for the most part, it's a pretty straightforward system. Continue not chewing with your mouth open. Say "please" and "thank you." And remember these little tricks to seem really dignified:

- If you answer your phone at the table, you should be forced to eat at IHOP for the rest of your life. This includes texts and anything BlackBerry/Treo/Q-related. It can wait until after dinner, you self-important jerk.
- General rules: smaller fork is for salad, small spoon by the top of your plate is for dessert. Anything fancier than that should be explained by the waitstaff or brought out with the individual dish.
- Make a reservation well in advance, and if the restaurant doesn't call to confirm the day before, take matters into your own hands. Nothing's more embarrassing than taking a date to a place that has lost your reservation. Well, besides getting an obvious boner while being told they lost it, but that probably won't happen, unless you have an inconvenience fetish.
- The girl will always offer to pay her share. When she does, wave your hand and say no. If she continues to protest, look her dead in the eye and say, "Bitch, I will slit your throat with this butter spreader if you don't drop this fucking charade right now." She'll let you pay. What a gentleman!
- The adage that you can tell if someone's nice by how they treat waiters is beyond clichéd. But if you pay with a credit card, your date *will* sneak a look at the tip, so even if you've been super-pleasant with the waiter, you're going to lose points if you leave ten percent. And "I thought that was 20 percent" isn't a very good excuse—now you're bad at math in addition to being a jerk.

GETTING CALLED BY NAME

Walking into a fancy restaurant and having the maître d' and your waiter address you by name quickly establishes your status as someone who's worth knowing, and it doesn't seem like bragging since you're not doing anything. Your date will be impressed if this happens—but unfortunately, you're not the kind of VIP who

WHEN EVERYONE AT THE RESTAURANT KNOWS YOU, YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THEM CALL YOU "MR. AWESOME," BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOUR DATE WILL BE THINKING.

YOU *CAN* BE BRAVE AND ASK THE SOMMELIER FOR A RECOMMENDATION. AT THIS POINT, SUBTLY POINT TO THE CHEAPEST BOTTLE.

warrants this treatment. Still, you can get it if you plan ahead. On the afternoon of your date, go into the restaurant, introduce yourself to the maître d' and, if possible, your waiter. Give them a small tip, around $10, and explain that you have an important date later on and would like to be called by name if they don't mind. That night, when you walk in with your date and everyone knows you, you might as well have them call you "Mr. Awesome," because that's what your date will be thinking.

ORDERING WINE

Ordering wine in a restaurant, particularly on a date, is a fairly daunting process. Since every bottle has at least a 400 percent markup, you know you're getting ripped off and will be paying 40 bucks for a $10 bottle of Shiraz you could have drunk at home. You also don't want to order the cheapest thing on the menu because even if it's good, you will look stingy. Restaurants know this, and they twist your arm. How do you avoid the situation?

The easiest way to order is to make sure your date doesn't see the wine list and just get the cheapest bottle. Unless she knows about wine or it comes in a plastic jug, she probably won't know it's cheap. Plus, most nice restaurants bring one wine list to the table and give it to the man. Score one for outdated gender roles and run with it.

If the entire wine list is given to both of you, you can still get away with ordering the cheapest bottle if you think ahead. Immediately look at the list and say, "Hmm ... how odd." When she asks what seems odd, just point out that the wine list is very odd because they have a top-flight bottle at the bottom of the price list. Then spout a made-up fact about it, such as, "They must be confused because 2003 was a great year. They must have mistaken it for the 2004, which was kind of one-dimensional." Great, now you don't look cheap, just smarter than the sommelier.

If your date knows what she's talking about—which can happen if, say, you go out with a vintner's daughter—you can give up and order beer or cocktails. You *can* be brave, though, and ask the waitress or sommelier for a recommendation. At this point, you should subtly point to the cheapest bottle on the list. An experienced waiter will pick up on this little tell and recommend that bottle, probably by saying it's a great value or really underrated. Remember to tip him well.

When the wine comes, you're faced with a whole new roadblock: the ritualistic opening of the bottle by the waiter. This is an easier process to fake your way through. The waiter will present the bottle so you can see the label. If it's what you ordered, nod approvingly. He will then remove the cork and hand it to you. Unless you want to look like an ass, don't put it to your nose. All that will tell you is whether it smells like cork. Instead, just inspect it for signs of obvious damage that would ruin the flavor by letting in air. The waiter will then pour an ounce or two of wine into your glass for you to taste. You're looking for signs of spoilage, oxidation, or bacterial infection. Don't worry if you've never tasted a tainted wine before: You will know immediately if you get one. Bad wine tastes like damp cardboard or worse, and it will be tough not to spit it out. If it tastes like normal, good wine, nod your head and say something to the effect of "Yum!" The waiter will then serve everyone.

If you want to go even cheaper, hand the waiter a note to the sommelier. Your date will think you're an expert who needs to communicate directly. Have it read, "Dude, I'll give you ten bucks if you pour some cheap vodka in a pitcher of grape Kool-Aid. What? No? Okay, double or nothing if she doesn't notice." He'll play ball, and you'll save some cash.

COMPLAINING ABOUT FOOD

To make it clear you have a refined palate, it's a good idea to make the occasional, very specific complaint. This complaint should indicate that your tongue can parse out the little nuances of individual ingredients' effect on the overall dish. Don't come out with something commonsensical, like, "This is salty," or, "A bit bland." Swing for the fences with the hope that your dining partner won't know enough to correct you. "Wow, way too much cilantro in this!" or "Cumin is best when used in moderation, but apparently the chef missed that memo." Finally, likening a dish to any of the following is a kiss of death: gas-station cappuccino, cat food, or Handi-Snacks. (Note: These insults will not work if you're actually drinking a gas-station cappuccino or eating cat food or Handi-Snacks.)

IDENTIFYING A BAD BAR

Bad Sign No. 1: people behaving like they're still in college.

Bad Sign No. 2: really bad music. If some intoxicated female spills her drink on you while gyrating wildly to "Girls Just Want to Have Fun," say to yourself, *If the next song is as shitty as this one, I'm out*. If the next song is "Sweet Home Alabama," "I Love Rock 'N' Roll," or anything that can be even tangentially categorized as "Jersey rock," you should probably act on your fun fatwa.

Bad Sign No. 3: *Golden Tee*. It's not so much the game itself, but rather what playing it in a social setting says about you. Namely, "Hi. I play video games in bars because I lack the conversational and cognitive skills required to communicate with members of the opposite sex."

EXCERPTED FROM FAKING IT: HOW TO SEEM LIKE A BETTER PERSON WITHOUT ACTUALLY IMPROVING YOURSELF, *BY THE WRITERS OF COLLEGEHUMOR.COM. PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DUTTON, A DIVISION OF PENGUIN GROUP (USA), INC. COPYRIGHT © 2007 BY COLLEGEHUMOR PRESS, LLC.*

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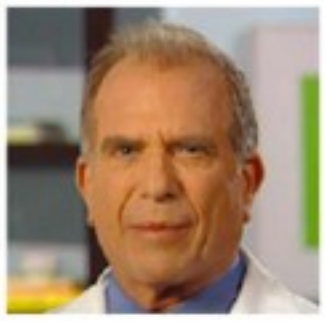
Advertisement

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?



Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out load when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacomole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.

I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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UNZIPPED

ART BY: ERICJ

COLOR BY: DAVE BRYANT

WHEN HE AGREED TO GO SHOPPING, HE GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR

I followed Mel into the fitting room. She wriggled into the jeans and they looked damned good—tight in all the right places—but when she tried to pull them off, the zipper got stuck.

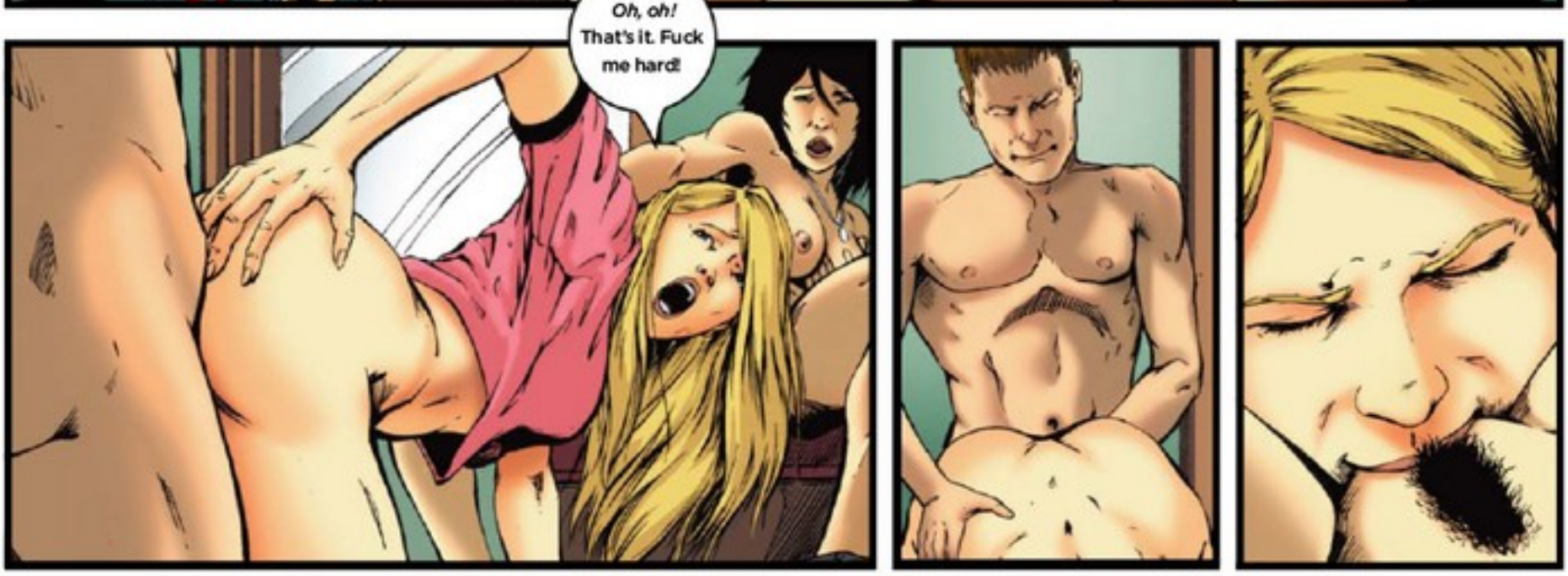
Gina moved in close, locked lips with Mel, and started pulling up her top. I could hardly believe my eyes.

Then she leaned down and touched her tongue to Mel's nipples. Mel closed her eyes and moaned softly.

Mel stepped out of the jeans and sat down. Gina laid a few licks on Mel before inviting me to join in.

Gina unzipped her pants as I moved behind her. I couldn't wait to shove my cock into her pussy.
Come on now—you know you want to!

Mmm! Don't stop, Gina!


Oh, oh! That's it. Fuck me hard!

The harder I fucked Gina, the harder she sucked Mel's pussy. It wasn't long before we were all moaning and coming.
Gina got dressed and left Mel and me alone.

We found her back behind the counter, looking as cool as she did when we first came in.
Was everything all right?
Amazing.

We'll take them.

By the way, we're having an early-bird special tomorrow.

Drop by around nine—we don't open until ten, but that'll give you a jump on the crowds.

Chic Boutique
Mel and I left the boutique.

Well, what do you think?

Oh, those jeans are hot! You should definitely get another pair tomorrow.
The end.

hot tropic

Yep, they grow 'em big in Texas. Twenty-year-old Jinger Santos is one of our favorite new buxom beauties. She's exotic, erotic, and baring it all for you.

Photographs by Brett Bereny

"I'm not shy about nudity or sex. I think I just have high standards. I like men who treat me like a princess, but they can't be afraid to get down and dirty when the time is right."

"I felt so comfortable at this photo shoot. I loved the tropical setting and furniture because the surroundings complemented me—and I was able to complement them."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST
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Thrilla in Phila

Join us as we heat up the City of Brotherly Love's nightlife with Cajun-style food and an even spicier clientele at the debut of the Penthouse Lounge and Grille. By Ed Condran Photographs by Julia Staples

National Geographic *Traveler* recently named Philadelphia the "next great city." The home of Rocky Balboa, cheesesteaks, and the angriest sports fans in the world took another step in that direction this past March with the opening of the Penthouse Lounge and Grille on North 2nd Street. The airy, 12,000-square-foot venue houses a luxe VIP lounge with bottle service and an upscale restaurant that offers Creole-accented cuisine.

Oh, and of course the sexy-chic destination features smokin' hot girls who dance on a catwalk that knifes through the center of the dining area. At the opening party, a bustling crowd of stylish men and women were checking out the eye candy while sipping premium cocktails and moving to a bumping soundtrack of house, techno, and eighties rock. "That's why we're excited about this venture," says Joe Dougherty, a partner in Philly Key Promotions, which operates the venue along with *Penthouse*. "This isn't just a place for guys. Check out all the beautiful women here who are patrons."

August 2006 Pet of the Month Olivia Kent, who was autographing glossies along with October 2006 Pet of the Month Kimberley Rogers, echoes Dougherty's point. "The girls here are beautiful, and that's what *Penthouse* is all about," she says. "But they aren't just amazing-looking, they also dance really well."

"THIS ISN'T JUST A PLACE FOR GUYS. CHECK OUT ALL THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN."

That's not surprising, since the Penthouse Key Girl Dance Team is made up of former Philadelphia Eagles and Philadelphia 76ers cheerleaders. "We've already performed in front of the toughest audience possible," says dance coordinator Elizabeth Nichols. And if you're familiar with Philly sports fans, you know she's not exaggerating.

"We're proud that we have the *Penthouse* name out front," Dougherty says. "I'm sure you're going to see other Penthouse Lounge and Grilles around the country."

You will—the second Penthouse Lounge and Grille opened in Atlanta in May. Stay tuned for more.

Striking poses at the gala opening were Penthouse Pets Kimberley Rogers (bottom left) and Olivia Kent (bottom right), and Penthouse Key Girl Dance Team members Elizabeth Nichols (top left) and Alexandra Ciotto (top right).

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Shock Therapy

How to jump-start your sex life.
By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

You've been with her for a few years and sex is becoming stultifyingly stagnant. If you feel like a car running low on battery power, it's time to jump-start your sex life. But to get back that butterflies-in-the-stomach feeling, you'll have to crawl out from under your comforter, strip off those nasty old boxers, throw caution to the wind, and seek some sensual adventure. Get that adrenaline going by injecting some new sensations into your sexual script.

OUTDOOR SEX

Sex in public places is always a big turn-on, as the fear of getting caught pumps adrenaline into your veins—and that's the same stuff that fuels sexual arousal! Start slow—begin by fooling around with her in front of a mirror or a video camera, then try stroking her with your foot under the table at a restaurant. Have her give you a handjob or blowjob while you are stuck in traffic. Once you've gotten those exhibitionist juices flowing, you can get more brazen and try it anywhere you may be seen.

Movie theaters are perfect for exhibitionist experiments. Pick a dirty foreign film—the subtitles will get her horny without much effort on your part—and get busy in the back row. She might get so inspired, she'll want to star in your own homemade production.

A picnic in the park is never complete without some alfresco porking. How about the back of a

PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTY IMAGES

crowded bus or subway car? You can pretend to drop your wallet and duck under her skirt to find it; or if there is only one seat available and she conveniently forgot her panties, you can let the vehicle's bumping bounce her on your lap until you both get off—way before you reach your destination.

CLAUSTRO-SEX

Sex in a confined place can offer an unexpected degree of physical intimacy. Remember the thrill you felt in high school when you made out with your girlfriend in your old compact car—her knees all the way up to her chin, her feet on the steering wheel? Make out in a telephone booth to re-create the experience. For those who prefer more breathing room, try elevator sex. There are two ways to score: One strategy is to wait until you can get on an empty elevator and hit the stop button midway between floors. Then see if you can come before security does. The more difficult—and exciting—way is to simply ride the elevator up and down, doing it when you have the car to yourselves and looking innocent when someone gets on. You two-minute guys should be able to score in this scenario.

AQUA-SEX

The feel of water against your body adds to the sensuality of liquid loving, and her dripping-wet body can be a turn-on, too. Water makes you buoyant, helping you experiment with new positions. So make "wet and wild" your motto for cool sex. There are lots of possibilities, whether you've got an Olympic-size pool or a bathtub. Some tips: (1) water can wash away the natural lubrication in the vagina, so be sure to have some lube on hand—for the best in slippery sex, make sure she is as wet on the inside as on the outside; (2) if you're mostly submerged, water will impede rapid thrusting, so use a slow and steady stroke—that's also better for getting her off, which means you'll get lots of wet kisses in return; (3) notwithstanding the liquid environment, those hearty little sperm and STDs can still do their business, so use protection.

GET ON AN EMPTY ELEVATOR AND HIT THE STOP BUTTON MIDWAY BETWEEN FLOORS. SEE IF YOU CAN COME BEFORE SECURITY DOES.

ON THE FLY

The airplane bathroom is an overrated place to have sex, not to mention uncomfortable and potentially dangerous. It's much better to stay in your seat and ask for a blanket, spread it over both your laps, then reach under and play with each other when the lights dim and the boring movie starts. Get her dripping and let her lick her wetness off your fingers. You'll arrive refreshed and happy—even if the flight is delayed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTY IMAGES

Ask Dr. Z

Toilet Training

I recently got into a heavy makeout session with a very hot girl and thought I was going to get laid for sure, as she eagerly accepted my invitation to go to my place. But after she went to the bathroom, she became really cold. She said it was because my toilet was dirty. Hell, what do women want—a guy who's into them and knows what to do in bed, or someone with a pristine bathroom?

A lot of women will never find out how good you are in bed unless you clean that toilet—and, likely, the rest of your pad. While it may seem incredulous to most men that a woman would lose all sexual desire over a dirty toilet, it makes sense to girls. Female sexuality is more dependent than male sexuality on ambience; and women are much more likely to transfer their feelings about the environment to the guy they are with. Your nasty toilet made her see you as a dirty person, and nothing will make a woman run away from a guy faster than bad hygiene. If you want to keep scoring, start scrubbing!

Muscle-bound

Recently I've started to go soft a few minutes after getting a hard-on, often before I've been able to penetrate a woman. And the more I try to keep my cock hard, the softer it becomes. Is this problem related to my age? And what can I do about my erections without taking Viagra?

You are describing pelvic steal syndrome. A man with this disorder gets an erection but loses it if he moves or tightens his muscles. The larger muscles, especially the leg muscles, literally steal blood away from the erection. Make sure you are not tightening your muscles when you feel that you are going soft. Clenching your pelvic or anal-sphincter muscles may make you feel as if you are pumping up your erection, but this actually causes it to go down. Instead, relax your muscles and your erection will likely return. If that doesn't help, see your urologist to rule out an underlying medical cause for your erectile dysfunction.

Holding Patterns

My last girlfriend always complained that I never gave her any "afterplay." That made absolutely no sense to me. Now I am dating a new girl and I want to avoid the same problem. Could you explain to me what the hell I am supposed to do after we both come? If she is satisfied, why can't I just turn on the television and relax a little?

All women want lots of good afterplay, no matter how independent they are or how satisfied they feel with the sexual acts that have just taken place. You can't blame them for it. The female brain puts out 50 percent more oxytocin than a man's. Oxytocin is the hormone that incites warm and fuzzy feelings and makes women crave cuddling and kissing; this hormonal rush is a big part of a woman's sexual enjoyment. So what should you do during afterplay? Hold her, of course, and caress and kiss. If you want to score extra points, tell her how much you enjoy making love to her. You can massage her back, or invite her to take a shower with you. What you *can't* do is turn over and snore, or ignore her and watch TV—no matter how much you want to.

Facing the Music

My girlfriend is obsessed with her iPod—she listens to it while studying, eating, working out, reading, even watching TV! And she insists that she has to wear her headphones while making love to me. She claims she has better orgasms when she is listening to music. I find that very annoying. How can I get her to put away the iPod and focus on me?

Your honey seems to be a music addict, so it is probably futile to ask her to turn it off. Instead, buy some speakers for her iPod and say you want to listen with her. Make a playlist for your bedroom, and offer to download sexy songs for getting busy.

NOTHING WILL MAKE A WOMAN RUN AWAY FROM A GUY FASTER THAN BAD HYGIENE.

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X-Rated Video

By Eric Danville

THE MEANING OF LIFE

Big Gulps #1

(Bad Seed)

We don't want to get all metaphysical, but the nature of existence is such that all experiences are fleeting. A good blowjob, though, stays with you forever. Such is the nature of this collection of blowjob scenes in which deep-throating is the raison d'être. Some of the hottest girls in porn—Katja Kassin, Sunny Lane, and Gia Paloma among them—are included right alongside new or lesser-known babes, like Paris Waters and Katerina. Of the established stars, Shy Love sets the bar pretty high, eagerly taking her partner's cock to the root, and Alicia Rhodes is her usual stunning self, swallowing fat black dick when she's not sliding it between her sizable, stacked rack. Not every scene in *Gulps* is something to write home about, but as they say, that's life.

TWISTING THE NIGHT AWAY

Twisted Vision #4

(Red Light District)

From what we hear, one of the biggest drags about being a porn director is selecting your cast members. But don't pity Michael Stefano, who took those proverbial lemons and squeezed the fuckers dry by casting his own member in every scene here. He starts off with a sac-draining dominance-and-submission scene featuring current porno "it" girl—and our Pet of the Month (see page 76)—Sasha Grey, who is what we in the business call a "screamer." Once the lame psychodrama is out of the way, the real fun begins. A blindfolded Grey serves up a no-hands B.J. of a caliber most men can only dream about, chased with a booty-shaking fuck session that shows why the porno establishment is eating her up. Denice K., Mia Rose, and adorable blonde Aubrey Addams also turn in solid performances; Addams, in particular, uses her innocent looks as a delivery system for some solid fucking. Our only criticism is, Stefano should take the money he saved on male talent and invest in a boom mike, since the audio tends to go quiet with each slap of flesh on flesh.

On the Choad

The Hitchhiker

(Sin City)

Let's face it, at least once in your life you've probably scored with a hot but mentally unstable chick. Such is the plot here, where each vignette revolves around hooking up with horny, hitchhikin' ho's who fuck their prey in more ways than one. Chelsie Rae sets the pace in the opener, catching a ride with Van Damage and then copping a squat on his cock back at his house, in a scene punctuated with some butt-burning anal. Rae winds up moving in, naturally bringing lots of her friends into the bedroom. Things take a predictably nasty turn after Damage leaves her at his pad the next morning (to share the story of his conquest with his coworkers, who have their own tales to tell). An outdoor sex scene with cover girl Rebeca Linares in which the spicy brunette starts off sucking dick and ends up taking a roadside come shot square in the puss is marred only by bad sound quality. *The Hitchhiker* is filled with hard-hitting sex scenes, and despite taking a monumentally stupid detour at the end, it's a ride you'll want to take at least once.

Grab it now
Hold on tight
Pick it up
Worth a look
Hands off

"BEST PLACE"

...for dinner and a dance"

- Esquire Magazine

"The **REMARKABLE** thing is how nicely topless dancing enhances the eating of **GOOD FOOD**, and the other way around."

- Jeffrey Steingarten - Vogue Magazine

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By Laura Leu

Net Benefits

Look no further than your laptop—your special someone is out there.

Anyone on the hunt for a date or a mate knows it's easy to spend hours cruising the Internet for just the right partner. What began with a few all-purpose matchmaking sites, such as Match.com and FriendFinder .com, has evolved into a glut of niche dating-and-mating sites that cater to almost every type of individual imaginable. Whether you're a freak, geek, dwarf, fatso, or just too hot for the average Joe/Jane, there's a site for you. Even groups of people who once felt shunned by society—or just couldn't get a date—can now use the Internet to meet like-minded and anatomically similar folks. From those missing something (AmputeeConnections.com) to those with a little something extra (SheMaleLoveSearch.com), the Internet has your ass covered ... or, for the fetishists out there, whipped (Alt.com).

The reason is simple: Not everyone fits into a standard mold, and most mainstream dating sites have such a broad range of members that it's difficult to satisfy specific tastes. It's the same reason gays go to gay bars and frat boys go to beer-pong joints: Socially, we strive to be accepted, and that's much easier when you're around people just like you—or at least people who share your fondness for leather and chains.

That's why self-proclaimed geek Spencer Koppel created the dating site Geek 2 Geek (Gk2Gk.com). "Sites like Match.com and eHarmony.com ask questions like 'How do you like to spend a romantic evening?' or 'What is your favorite color?' " he says. "But geeks are looking for things like, 'What video-game controller do you use?' or if the other person is into *Harry Potter* or *Star Wars*." By asking nerd-centric questions, the site makes it easy for the 20,000 members to find someone with whom they can share their inner dork before they pork. Koppel also created two other niche sites, one for obese people (Bg2Bg.com) and one for geezers (Sr2Sr.com), although anyone can register. After all, there are plenty of people who'd like to nail a DILF (dad I'd like to fuck), a TILF (teacher I'd like to fuck), or a GILF (grandmother I'd like to fuck).

AFTER ALL, THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE WHO'D LIKE TO NAIL A DILF, A TILF, OR EVEN A GILF.

The open-door policy does not apply to all niche dating sites. HotEnough.org's prospective members must be deemed "hot enough" before they can register and browse other hotties' profiles. Applicants submit photos that must get the site administrator's approval first and then pass muster with members, who rate the applicant's looks on a scale from one to ten. Only those with a score of eight and above gain access to the site—and lose a little bit of their soul in the process. Those who don't make the cut can always create a profile on SugarDaddyForMe.com and find a woman who doesn't care if you look like a cross between Steve Buscemi and a walrus—as long as you shower her (and her dog) with Louis Vuitton.

The Internet has made it possible for people from all walks of life to get laid, no matter how big or small their shortcomings. Off-line, a dwarf might have a problem approaching a woman in a bar when he only comes up to her hemline. Online, he can join LittlePeopleMeet.com and be much more confident meeting ladies because they're all at his eye level. A woman who has ten cats in her apartment might turn off guys in the real world. That is, unless they met her (and her cats) on DateMyPet.com. The same goes for people with STDs. It can't be easy finding someone who's willing to get busy with you if you have herpes, but if you met that person on MPWH.com (Meet People With Herpes), she knows what she's getting into. The only problem with meeting someone on a herpes site is answering the question, "So where did you two meet?"

ILLUSTRATION BY MYLES TALBOT

ASS SHE LIKES IT

Six months ago, I met this guy named Evan while working out at the gym. Evan knows a lot about bodybuilding, so we started talking about technique and hanging out at a bar on Fridays after our workouts.

One evening while we were having drinks, an incredibly hot redhead walked in. She looked about 30, and was absolutely gorgeous from head to toe.

"Oh, man! Look at that," I gasped to Evan after she walked past us. "Check out that beautiful ass!"

The hottie walked all the way to the end of the bar, then turned and headed back in our direction. Then she stopped right in front of us and gave Evan a kiss on the cheek. Evan introduced her to me as his wife, Nola, and I wanted to crawl under the table and die.

Evan just laughed as Nola sat down, and went on to embarrass me further by informing her that I had been checking out her ass. Nola smiled and said she had heard a lot about me from Evan and was pleased to finally meet me.

We had a great time just hanging out and talking for a couple of hours. Nola seemed really cool, and several times I thought how lucky Evan was to be able to go home to her every night. When Nola got up to go to the ladies' room, she whispered something in Evan's ear. As soon as she was out of sight, Evan said that Nola really liked me. She wanted to know if I would like to come home with them and fuck her.

Where did that come from? I nearly choked on my drink before asking Evan if he was serious. He was, and said that while Nola had been with a lot of other men before they got married, he was the only one Nola had ever let fuck her in the ass. Now, what they both wanted was to videotape Nola getting her ass reamed by another man.

The offer was totally unexpected, but much too enticing to pass up. I told Evan that if it was okay with him, anything that involved Nola and her fine ass was cool with me.

When Nola returned, she could tell by the grins on our faces that my answer had been yes. Then she smiled at me, promised me a night I'd not soon forget, and sealed that promise by kissing me like a long-lost lover. I gladly picked up the bar tab and we drove to their house.

They led me straight to the bedroom, and while Evan set up his digital camera, Nola and I took off our clothes. I feasted my eyes on her big tits and large pink nipples, and finally got to see that beautiful ass of hers in the flesh. I couldn't wait to drive my cock inside.

When Nola saw my cock standing at attention, she said, "I am going to be so happy by the end of the night. Come here, Aiden, and suck my pussy." Then she lay down on the bed and spread her legs.

I dove between Nola's thighs, lapping at her wet, delicious cunt as she held me tight to her. "That's it, baby! Eat it good!" she groaned. I

EVAN MOVED ALONGSIDE US WITH THE CAMERA, URGING US ON, PROPELLING HIS WIFE TO ANOTHER ORGASM.

licked her cunt until her body quaked with her release. Then, pushing me back on the bed, Nola straddled me, sat down on my cock, and fucked me until she came again. I could only hope that her next move would be to allow me in through her backdoor, because I was so close to the edge that I didn't know how much longer I could hold back.

Nola lifted herself off my cock and grasped it in her hand. Then she instructed Evan to zoom in for a close-up of my cock in her ass. While she slowly lowered her ass onto my cock, the room filled with Nola's cries of pleasure. "Oh, God! This feels so good!" Nola screamed. "Your dick feels wonderful up my ass!"

Nola wasn't the only one enjoying herself. That initial entry was so amazing, I had to grip her hips so she wouldn't move for a minute. I'd only just made it to the final frontier, and I didn't want to come too soon. I took a few deep breaths to steady myself before letting her move again.

When I gave her the go-ahead, Nola began to move slowly up and down the entire length of my cock. Nothing had ever felt so hot and so tight. She gradually picked up the pace and began rubbing her clit as she rose and fell, faster and faster.

ON MY NEXT TURN, I THREW THE PUCK AND MANAGED TO BACK UP RIGHT INTO ROSS AND HIS HARD-ON.

I was so wrapped up in the moment, I'd forgotten about Evan until he said, "That's it, Nola, go for it! You look so hot!" His words seemed to spur Nola on as she vigorously rubbed her clit and met my upward thrusts. Evan moved right alongside us with the camera, catching every thrust, urging us on, and propelling her to another orgasm.

"More!" Nola screamed as she lifted her ass from my cock and got up on all fours. "Give me more!"

I got behind her and buried my aching cock into Nola's tight ass, driving it deep and hard into her bottom. "Oh, Evan! He's fucking my ass so good!" Nola cried out. "He's making me come again!" She shook and slammed herself back against my cock, and then it was my turn to have the most incredible orgasm ever. Thrusting one last time and holding my cock deep inside Nola's ass, my entire body trembled with pleasure as I shot a huge load of come into her.

The night didn't end there. After setting the camera on a tripod, Evan joined Nola and me in a threesome that concluded with Nola getting double-fucked for the first time.

The three of us have gotten together many times since, but for me, the highlight is always Nola's fine ass.—*A.K., Louisiana*

EXHIBITION GAME

My husband Eddie and I have been friends with Ross and Tina for years. We've partied together, vacationed together, shared hotel rooms, and have even changed in front of one another on occasion, so when I think about what the four of us did one night, I guess it makes perfect sense.

We'd just finished dinner and decided to hit up a local bar to play table shuffleboard. The place was fairly dead for a weekend, and the back room with the shuffleboard table was empty.

I shot against Ross while Eddie and Tina played at the other end of the long table. Ross has always had a thing about my ass. For as long as I can remember, he has never missed an

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opportunity to give it a little pat. But on this night I was wearing a miniskirt, and I knew that every time I leaned over the table, Ross was getting an eyeful. So when he *accidentally* brushed his hand over my panties, I shot him a look over my shoulder and said, "I was wondering how long it would take you to cop a feel."

To get even when it was his turn to shoot, I grabbed his ass and asked, "How does *that* feel?" Ross just winked at me, interpreting my grab as a free pass to touch me every time he got a chance.

But it was all in fun, and when I looked across the table, there appeared to be an equal amount of goofing and grabbing going on at that end. The next time I bent over, Ross copped more than a quick feel—his fingers lingered on my silk-covered derriere. I was starting to really enjoy our little game. On my next turn, I threw the puck and managed to back up right into Ross and his hard-on. "It feels like you're really happy to see me, Ross!" I told him.

He gave me a devilish look and smiled. I was starting to feel a little impish, and knowing he was hard and horny made it that much easier for me to tease him. When it was his turn, I slowly slid my fingers across his ass. He looked over his shoulder and said, "Don't start something you can't finish, Kat."

EDDIE WAS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND TINA, AND FROM THE LOOK ON HER FACE, THEY WEREN'T JUST PLAYING SHUFFLEBOARD.

I gave his ass a firm squeeze and said, "I think you're the one who started it." My hand was still resting on his hip as he threw the puck. When he turned toward me, my fingers slid around until I was touching his hard-on through his pants. He didn't pull my hand away, so I let my fingers trace the shape of it.

I was getting wetter by the second as all kinds of thoughts raced through my head. When it was my turn to shoot, I felt his fingers slide across my ass again, but this time they continued lower. I opened my legs a little more, pretending to steady myself, but really just giving him better access. When his fingers touched my silk-covered pussy, I almost lost it.

"It feels like you're happy to see me, too," he said.

I moaned as his fingers pressed the silk between my labia. I reached back and rubbed his cock, ready for him to take me right then and there. The fact that my husband and best friend were across the room messing around themselves—and that someone could walk in at any moment—only made it more thrilling.

I was still leaning over the table, pretending to line up my next shot, when I looked down toward the other end of the table. There was only one light above the table, and it was hard to see clearly in the darkness, but Eddie was standing right behind Tina, and from the look on her face, they weren't just playing shuffleboard. Then I felt Ross fumbling with my panties; when he slid a finger into me, I almost came. I reached back, unzipped his pants, and started stroking his dick. Now it was his turn to moan as I slid my fingers from base to tip.

"God, Kat, that feels so good, I could come in your hand," he moaned.

"If you do that, you'll miss the hottest pussy ever," I whispered. I

continued to stroke his stiff cock, but I was so close to the edge that I knew we had to stop, or at least slow down, before we both came. Eddie and Tina had already retreated to the far corner of the room. Eddie was sitting in a chair and Tina was straddling him, and every now and then I heard one of them moan.

I turned around to face Ross and we finally kissed for the first time. I sucked on his tongue as I guided his cock between my legs and rubbed the head against my soaked panties. We broke our kiss and I let Ross pull my panties down so I could step out of them. Then I braced myself against the table with one hand, raised my leg, hooked it around his waist, and guided him between my legs with the other. When he grabbed my hips and impaled me on his dick I moaned, "Ooh, yeah ... that's what I want!"

We quickly got a rhythm going, with him pumping hard and me pushing back to meet his strokes. His breath was hot on my neck as he worked to hold me tight while thrusting into me. Then he said he was about to come but I didn't want him to climax without me, so I quickly slid my hand between my legs and started rubbing my clit hard.

"I'm coming, Ross. Come with me, now!" I hissed.

He thrust into me three more times before he groaned and held me so tight, I could barely catch my breath. We stayed together with my pussy milking him for every drop, until he slid out of me and headed for the bathroom. I tried to pull myself

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together. When I looked up, Tina was standing in front of me.

"I'm surprised the entire bar didn't come running in here," Tina said. "You're kind of noisy, you know."

I smiled and then looked her over. "You're looking a little disheveled yourself, girl," I said as I tucked my panties into my bag.

"But you have to admit that was fun!" Tina said. "Next time, you'll have to let Ross go down on you. He loves to eat pussy, and he's damn good at it, too! He'll have you jumping all over the place. And just for the record, your man's no slouch either!"—*K.G., Louisiana*

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By Eric Danville

Marilyn Chambers

She didn't utter a word of dialogue, but her lead role in the 1972 art-house feature *Behind the Green Door* made Marilyn Chambers an instant star in the fledgling porn industry. Whippet-thin and with a wholesomeness that belied her carnal ferocity, Marilyn proved she was as savvy as she was sexy. Before filming *Green Door,* she asked for ten percent of the film's box-office gross, which reportedly netted her at least $2 million. Following up the next year with *Resurrection of Eve,* she became known around the world for having a shaved pussy accented with a gold labial ring; performing live sex shows where fisting and the occasional police raid were both on the bill; and giving media interviews in the nude—even for radio.

WHIPPET-THIN AND WITH A WHOLESOMENESS THAT BELIED HER CARNAL FEROCITY, MARILYN WAS AS SAVVY AS SHE WAS SEXY.

The new breed of celebrity known as the "porn star" began popping up in daily newspapers, in mainstream magazines, and on television in what became known as the Porno Chic era—and Marilyn was at the forefront. Whether she was talking about exploring the limits of human sexuality, debating people's right to see sexually explicit material, or even giving pointers on anal sex, she was able to dispel the myth that women who had sex on film were barely able to construct sentences. And in the mid-eighties, when the quality of XXX products began to decline as more and more people wanted a piece of the pie, Marilyn kept her standards high, a decision that accounts for the relatively low number of films she made during her reign as one of adult cinema's true queens.

Chambers wasn't content to spend the rest of her career on her back, though, and with the guidance of husband/manager Chuck Traynor—whose previous creation was original porno superstar Linda Lovelace—she established a more respectable and potentially more lucrative mainstream career with a Vegas nightclub act and a starring role in fright-flick auteur David Cronenberg's 1977 gore-fest *Rabid*. But despite her ambition and the not-inconsiderable talent that fueled it, Chambers returned to blue movies, serving up performances in several other classics, including *Insatiable* and *Up 'N Coming,* before lending her name and her fame to a host of R-rated soft-core serials.

Ultimately, Marilyn Chambers may be one of the most important commodities of porn's golden age. And while her decision to perform sex on film was more pragmatic than political, the former Ivory Snow detergent model accomplished what few others have, even in the 35 years since. Marilyn proved that hard core isn't just a film genre, it's a state of mind.

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